

Children's Newspaper, February 12, 1938

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CAN THE WORLD BREAK ITS SHACKLES?

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A DICTATOR WHO LOVES LIBERTY Freedom Returns to the People

This is the story of a Dictator who has led his country to prosperity, laid down his Dictatorship, and returned to the people their priceless gift of freedom.

It is just twenty years since Estonia declared itself an independent republic, and this year has brought to this little Baltic State high hopes of a prosperity it richly deserves.

A new democratic Constitution, drawn up last summer, has now taken the place of a kind of Dictatorship wielded during the past four years by Konstantin Pats, the President and Prime Minister. The world-depression had made parliamentary government ineffective, and a plebiscite of the nation taken in 1934 confirmed Konstantin Pats, the head of the Agrarian Party, as President with power to rule by decree. The new Constitution still gives the Estonian President the right of dissolving Parliament and suspending laws passed by it, but it guarantees individual liberties and freedom of religion as well as the right of minorities (Russians, Germans, Swedes, and Letts) to be taught in their mother tongue.

The President is elected by universal suffrage every six years and the two Chambers for a five-year period. Both men and women aged 22 are entitled to vote for the 24 members of the First Chamber, while the Second Chamber is composed of 30 members nominated by corporations and of ten appointed by the President. This Parliament will

have full control over the Budget, which today can be easily balanced.

Owing to its situation with a good port at Tallinn (formerly known as Reval) on the Gulf of Finland, and to the high standard of education among its people, Estonia has developed its trade with Russia, Poland, and Germany, and from being an agricultural country it is becoming an industrial one.

In the past two years the value of Estonia's exports has doubled, an important increase being crude oil from her shale beds which is being bought by Germany. In 1936 the production of this oil was about 60,000 tons, whereas this year it will be 200,000. Labourers are leaving the farms for the industrial centres and Poles are arriving to take their place, for there is no unemployment in this happy country.

Estonia owes much to its President and former Dictator, for it was Konstantin Pats who was head of the provisional Government which proclaimed Estonia an independent republic on February 24, 1918, and led its people against both the Bolsheviks and Germans who were both trying to absorb it. He is a Dictator who has succeeded in leading his nation back to prosperity and democracy, and a man therefore after our own heart.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S DREAM COMING TRUE The Miracle of St Pancras

A SOCIETY going about quietly doing good broke out into thanksgiving on its thirteenth birthday, a Lucky Thirteen.

The modest little Association which chose this fortunate occasion for rejoicing is the St Pancras House Improvement Society, which in the thirteen years since it began has worked wonders among the slums behind Euston and St Pancras stations.

Only those who knew that area twenty years ago can realise the transformation that has taken place since the Society took it in hand. The streets were narrow, mean, and dirty. The alleys and the houses, bad to begin with, every year grew worse. To call some of them pigsties was to pay them a compliment. Parts of the area might well have served as a text for any reformer who declared that the cleaning up of the slums was the unfinished task that ought to lie heavier on the conscience of London than any other.

That was how it struck Father Jellicoe when he came from a country rectory and the loveliness of Oxford to work in

St Pancras. He was horrified at the houses some of his parishioners had to live in, and he was not content with saying how dreadful they were. He founded the House Improvement Society; he got the Archbishop of Canterbury to bless it, and he enlisted the support of the Health Minister. Father Jellicoe's death two years ago was a blow to his work, but no better tribute to his memory could be paid than the work his society has done, and is doing, and will continue to do.

One of the characteristic examples of it is Drummond Crescent, where Miss Edith Neville presided over the annual meeting held at the Basil Jellicoe Hall, not long ago. They bought the site eleven years since, and the purchase was a great act of faith because, as Mr John Barclay recalled, they had not at that time enough money to pay the ten per cent deposit. But they signed the contract and got the money. They pulled down the horrible, dirty, squalid old houses, and nearly everyone who lived there has now been rehoused. Then there was the evil Sidney Street

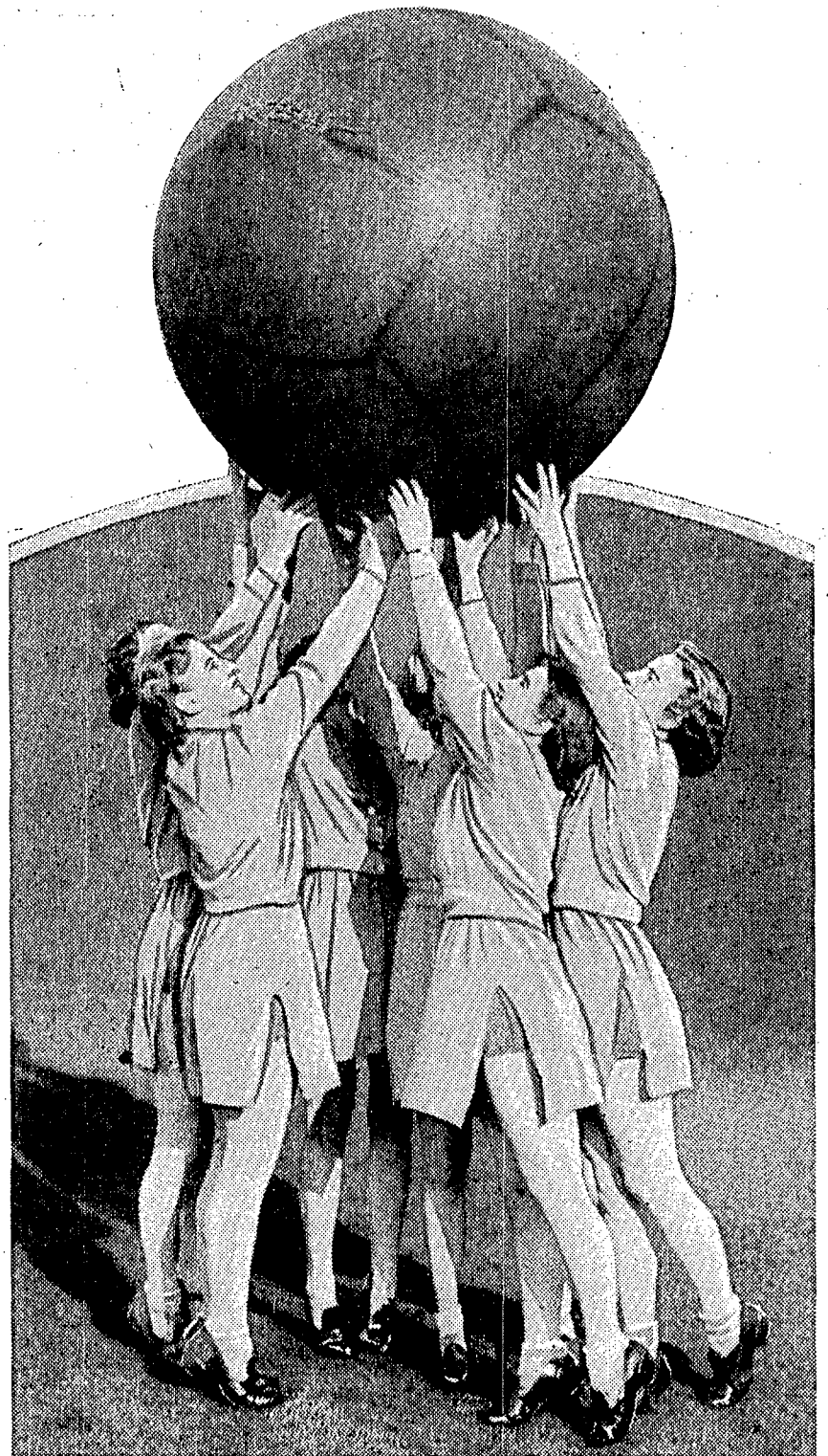
area, where, in little dark houses, overrun with rats, infested with vermin, and with rain coming through the roofs, as many as nine people lived and died in one room. Building began there eight years ago and today the completed scheme has 230 flats, with a nursery school, a playground, and gardens.

The Duchess of Gloucester is to open this green oasis in May, when the Spring flowers will be blooming in the gardens; and meanwhile, unwearying in well doing, the Society is carrying on with Father Jellicoe's foundation. This year

the tenants displaced by the new Euston Station will begin to find new homes at the Society's site in Highgate Road.

Five blocks of flats are being built, the biggest venture so far. One block will be ready in eight weeks' time, the other four at six-weekly intervals. By the autumn the St Pancras slum-dwellers will hardly know where they are, in such cleanly, wholesome, healthy quarters. Even St Pancras will seem to them like England's green and pleasant land, and for them William Blake's dream is almost coming true.

Toward the Goal of Health



Students of Liverpool Physical Training College at exercise with the pushball

ICE PRESSURE AT NIAGARA

The Power of Expansion

Niagara has been frozen before, but seldom has it afforded such a demonstration of the crushing power of ice as in the last few weeks.

In severe winters most of the rivers in these high latitudes are frozen over. The Canadian St Lawrence is usually closed to navigation from December to April. Niagara itself is often so nearly frozen that the Falls are reduced to a trickle between monstrous icicles, both at the wide Canadian Falls and the American Horseshoe Fall.

This winter's experience is entirely out of the common, because enough ice in flocs has come over the Falls to pile itself high in the gorge below them. Every day added to its bulk, and it rose higher and higher till it reached the foundations of the bridge spanning the gorge between America and Canada.

Even then the bridge might have remained intact if it had not been for the expansive power of ice. When water freezes into ice the ice expands by about ten per cent of the volume of the water. The ice piling up in the Niagara gorge was continually receiving additions from the freezing water below. It grew from the bottom and so the mass continually expanded till by pressure it tore away the foundations of the bridge.

THE 24 PENNIES

How a Little Inspiration Counts

It was a memorable evening for the villagers of Guestling a few Sundays ago, but it was even more memorable for members of the Hastings Boys Brigade.

The Rector had sent them a special invitation, for the service was the first to be held in electric lighting for which these lads were unknowingly responsible.

This is the story. A group of boys rambling without an officer were attracted by the church and there saw a notice asking for subscriptions for an electric light installation. They collected 24 pence, which they placed in an envelope, writing on it the name of the Hastings Company.

It happened that the gifts toward the £40 needed had been so disappointing that the rector had made up his mind to drop the idea, but the finding of the envelope brought a new sparkle into his eye and into the hearts of his congregation also, with the result that all renewed their efforts, the money was raised, and the light installed.

Meanwhile the boys had forgotten all about their envelope, so that the invitation from the rector came as a real surprise. We congratulate them in showing the world once more how much a little inspiration counts.

A Wordsworth Passes On

It was only the other day that a charming old scholar was showing us the books he treasured in the famous library of Salisbury Cathedral, among them a copy of Magna Carta made for a man who saw it sealed by King John.

The librarian who showed us these treasures was Canon Christopher Wordsworth, a grand-nephew of the poet, and now he has passed on at 89.

His father was Bishop of Lincoln, his uncle was Bishop of St Andrews, and his brother John was Bishop of Salisbury. All were very distinguished scholars, yet it was Canon Christopher who was the greatest authority on the churches, their services, and what they have stood for down the ages. He wrote many books about life in earlier days, yet his work for foreign missions proved that he was as keen about the future as he was about the past. He was beloved by all, and will long be remembered at Salisbury.

THE WORLD CAN BREAK ITS SHACKLES

Van Zeeland's Way

If we really wish to avert war and bring mankind back to a more peaceful frame of mind we must have the courage to tackle the whole economic question and solve the great questions which menacingly confront humanity.

These momentous words are from a letter one young Belgian wrote to another last July, and they have been recalled by the findings of the man to whom the letter was addressed, M. van Zeeland, whose Report is now being discussed all over the world.

The writer of the letter was King Leopold of the Belgians, and he wrote it after the visit of his Prime Minister to America as the emissary of France and Great Britain to enquire into the possibility of obtaining a general reduction of quotas and of other obstacles to international trade.

The Root of the Problem

M. Zeeland's enquiries have not been restricted to America, but have ranged all over the world, and his findings and suggestions are now before us all.

In the beginning of his Report he at once gets down to the root of the problem by asking, Is it useful to develop international trade? His answer is emphatically Yes, for, though he admits that in a large national market dominated by a powerful central authority isolation is possible, it would inevitably mean, he says, a lower standard of living.

He found, in fact, that not a single word was uttered in opposition to the general principle that trade between nations should be developed and the economic warfare ended; but so complex are the weapons forged and used in this economic war that he admits that only by stages can the world become free from the shackles in which it has bound itself.

The Real Obstacle

Fear, which stands in the way of loyal cooperation, is the chief obstacle, the fear which prevents the nations from even coming together to discuss their demands, complaints, and suggestions.

It is time, declares M. Zeeland, to bring back to light the sanctity of pledged engagements and the necessity for respecting the rules of international law. It is only through mutual goodwill that the standards of living can be raised. He suggests that representatives of the principal economic Powers (including at least France, America, Germany, Italy, and Britain) should meet and discuss a simple series of questions, the first of which would be whether they agreed to take part in an attempt at international economic collaboration. He suggests that his Report might form a basis for an agenda which might then be drawn up.

Confidence Essential

The Report declares that tariffs, methods of indirect protection, trade quotas, sudden and excessive exchange variations, hindrances to capital movements, and restrictions on payments, all hinder international trade. Quotas are roundly denounced as evil. On the financial side the existing agreement between America, France, and this country is held up as an example of what can be done, while the Bank of International Settlements could be used for bridging the currency problems which would arise while nations were getting back to fuller trade relations. But as a preliminary the old debts, due to the war, must be liquidated so as not to injure the creditor country at the expense of the debtor country, and for this confidence in future peace is essential.

The Economic Committee of the League have been saying all these things for years and no notice has been taken of it: we hope more attention will be given to M. Zeeland's great work, which is a piece of public service for the whole world, and would lead to its economic salvation if it were carried out.

A SPELLING BEE ACROSS THE SEA

Wireless the Leveller

Last week a Spelling Bee was shared by England and America across the Atlantic.

Spelling bees, an American invention, are older than wireless, but only wireless, the leveller, could have made possible this exchange of spellings between eight competitors from Oxford University and eight from Harvard University and Radcliffe College.

It is said that the English eight, which included a grandson of an English Prime Minister and two lady undergraduates, just failed to hold their own against the Americans, and that the most successful spellers on our side were Miss Miranda Tallents and Miss Penelope Knox.

No conclusions can be profitably drawn from the contest unless it is that good spellers are born, not made. The good speller is one who when a word is spoken sees it, in his mind's eye, as it is written, or printed, on the page, and is not to be diverted by any recollection of its sound or pronunciation.

Familiar Catches

An example occurred when the word *gamboge* was put to the test. Lord Oxford, for Oxford, who may have heard it pronounced *gambooge*, elected for that way of spelling it, and America, supported by Webster's Dictionary, spells it that way. But our great Oxford Dictionary, which in spite of all contradiction we shall uphold as the best Dictionary in any language, spells it *gamboge*. An Oxford competitor must be judged by his own dictionary, so Lord Oxford lost a point.

There were many familiar catches, like parallel and embarrassment, and a number of rather unfamiliar words like trachea, haemorrhage, and sesquipedalian, which trapped unwary competitors, who might have written them down correctly but could not give the right answer on the spur of the moment.

CN readers might try them on one another on the same terms. A last point to notice is that nearly all the puzzlers were words of Latin or Greek origin, few of Anglo-Saxon.

CRUEL SPORTS

Appeal to the BBC

The CN has been delighted to see an appeal made to the BBC asking for facilities to broadcast the case against cruel sports.

It is astounding that there should be any difficulty in this matter, seeing that the overwhelming feeling of the British people is one of shame and contempt where cruel blood sports are concerned.

The signatures to the appeal just sent to the BBC represent all classes, and it is hoped that the appeal will be effective.

Read Much and Read Fast

We like the speech of Canon Anthony Deane, made at the opening of a new library at Abbey School, Malvern Wells.

If he had been designing a school, the Canon said, he would have begun with a library and left bedrooms and dining-rooms and classrooms to take their chance. It was a very good thing to fall in love with books, he told the Abbey girls, and he advised them to learn to read quickly and even to skip a novel in an hour or two. Also—"Do not listen to those who tell you to finish one book before beginning another, for that is like telling a man he must eat nothing but meat one week and nothing but pudding the next."

The new library is known as the Florence Judson Library, it having been paid for largely by a gift from old Abbey girls who knew the late Miss Judson during her 46 years as headmistress. There have been few more capable headmistresses, and few more beloved.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

This country, the first to establish a public television service, is still the only country in which television can be received in the home.

Brazil has issued a special stamp for the jubilee of the international language, Esperanto.

There are now about 5000 privately owned television sets in this country.

Miss Jean Batten has been awarded the gold medal of the International Aeronautical Federation for the greatest flying achievement of 1937.

The Russian Government has issued over a hundred million copies of Lenin's works in the last 20 years.

The Underground Posters advertising the Food-for-Fitness Exhibition at Charing Cross give two interesting facts: that our bodies contain enough carbon to make 9000 lead pencils, and enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop!

There are over 700 new street names in the new Post Office London Directory.

New pithead baths for more than 41,400 miners were put up in this country last year at a cost of £629,440.

There are now more than 300,000 miles of airways in operation throughout the world.

The nurses at Enfield Hospital are to have a 48-hour working week.

Ten times more fresh vegetables are being grown now than before the war.

There were over 4000 false fire alarms in London last year, nearly half of them malicious.

In a determined effort to find out what is wrong with the way mathematics is being taught in Czecho-Slovakia, the Ministry of Education has sent out examination papers to 930 elementary schools.

Three minutes under the rays of a new lamp at a clinic at Islington are said to be equal to a day in the sun.

Until the village of Turners Hill in Sussex gets Halt traffic signs, a clergyman whose daughter was knocked down by a car is doing point duty for children.

THINGS SEEN

One stalk with 14 mushrooms on it in Hertfordshire.

A thrush's nest with an egg in it in Bedfordshire in January.

Five little scarlet-coated patients leaning out of the windows of a Children's Hospital, shouting "Goodbye Ernie!" to one being taken away in an ambulance.

Primroses in full bloom at Houghton, Sussex, in January.

A Kennington Road tram setting down passengers opposite a barrier rail.

THINGS SAID

We must have law and order, and force to enforce it. Mr C. R. Attlee, M P.

The outcome of the war has been to destroy liberty, democracy, and Parliaments in the greater part of Europe.

Professor Trevelyan

I found the Afghans a mysterious, proud, brave, romantic, cruel, and often very beautiful people. Miss Audrey Harris

Keep people happy and there will be no talk of revolution in this or any other country. Member of the Showmen's Guild

Our adversaries are always wrong.

A Nazi paper

Don't let your money buy bombs.

American slogan on trading with Japan

Never before or since the Great War have the relations between Turkey and Britain reached the degree of sincerity existing today. Turkish Prime Minister

About 1860 an old sailor told me that as a youngster he had served under Nelson at Copenhagen.

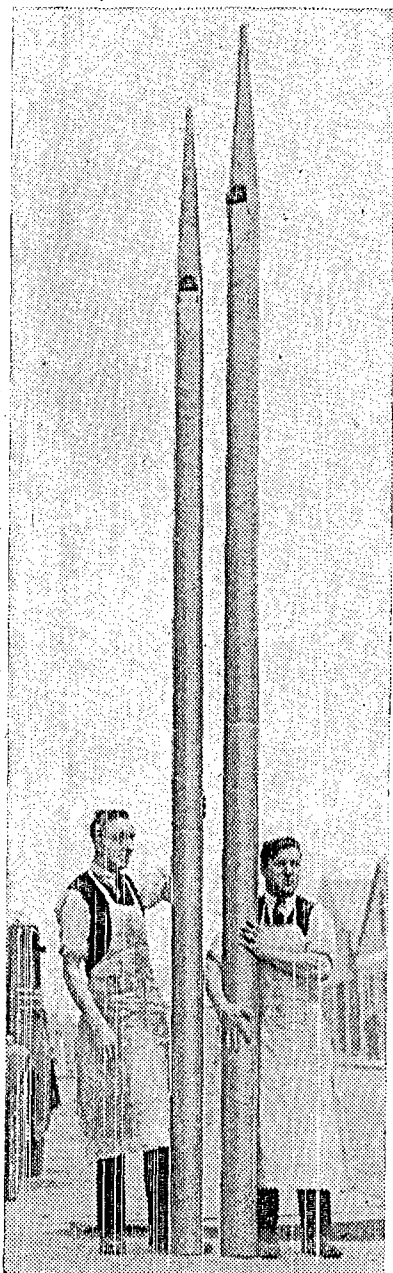
Lord Shuttleworth, aged 93

February 12, 1938

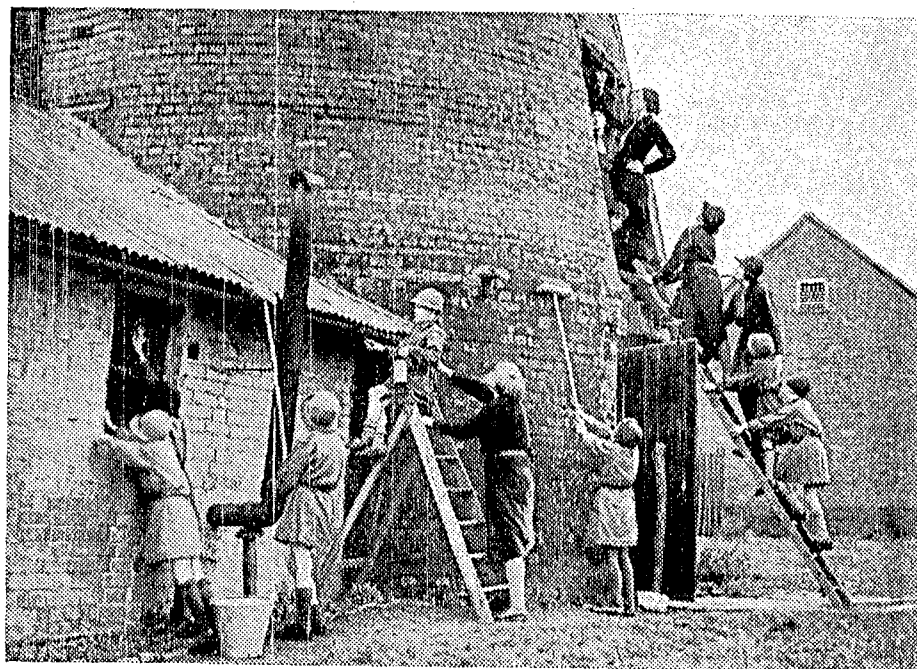
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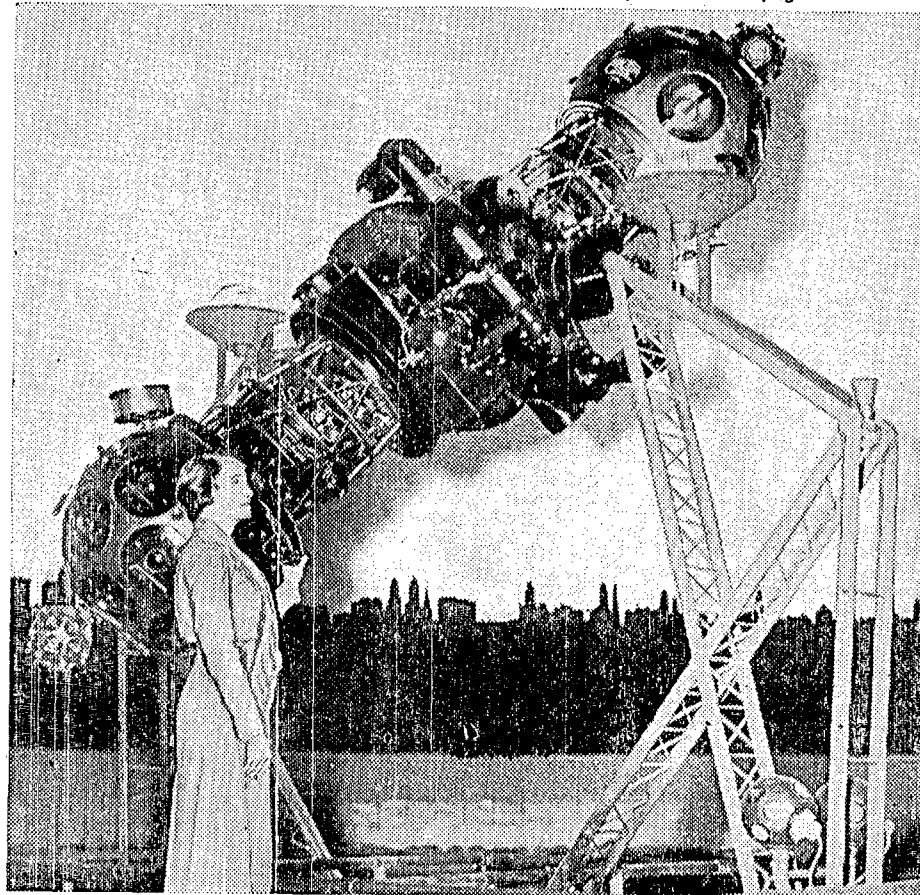
Windmill as Guide H Q • Planetarium • Library For Girls and Boys



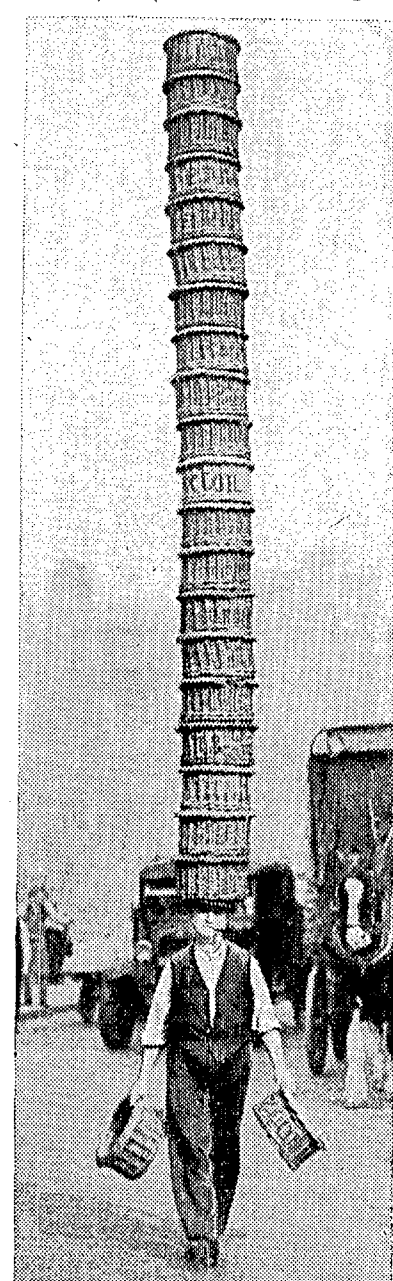
What are They? Sixteen-foot pipes for the organ of Hull Parish Church



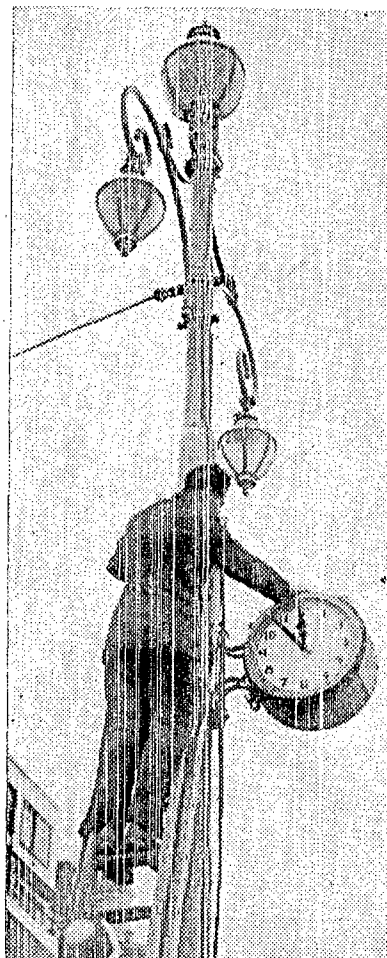
Windmill For Guides—Brownies and Guides of Coleshill in Buckinghamshire cleaning up the old windmill which is to be their headquarters. See page 12



Chicago's Planetarium—Miss Maude Bennet, director of the Adler Planetarium at Chicago, and the wonderful projection apparatus which reproduces the starry heavens. See page 5



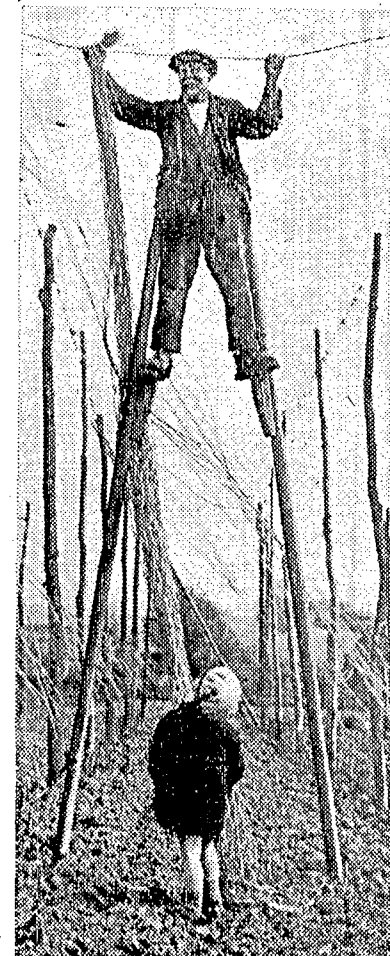
Balancing Feat—A Covent Garden porter carrying twenty baskets on his head



Encouraging Punctuality—Clocks are being fixed on lamp standards at Hastings



Children's Library—Boys and girls in the new library for children opened at Walthamstow. The CN is attracting the girl and boy in two of the cubicles provided for quiet reading



Longlegs—A hop-tier on stilts at work in a field near Faversham in Kent

U S AND US Working Out the Trade Pact

DIFFICULTIES TO BE SOLVED

Official negotiations for a Trade Pact between Britain and the United States, in which the whole British Empire is necessarily involved, are about to begin, and our representatives have gone to America for the purpose.

The main difficulties in the way of the pact are plain, and may be stated in a few sentences.

1. The American customs duties are very high while ours are very low.

2. The American duties are highest on manufactured articles, the very goods we mainly export.

3. American imports of British goods from the United Kingdom are worth only £27,600,000 a year, whereas British imports from America are worth £93,300,000.

4. As to the British Empire, we give a preference to the Dominions by taxing (not very highly) produce imported from foreign countries, including the United States. Thus, if we lower our tariff for America we reduce the tariff preference arranged with the Dominions.

America, on her side, also has difficulties. She is now suffering from severe unemployment, ten million of her workers being idle. If she offers to reduce her tariff duties to let in British goods the American manufacturers will make a fresh complaint against Mr Roosevelt; they are already doing so.

But difficulties are made to be solved, and we may hope that no difficulty will be allowed to block the way to this stupendous opportunity for both nations.

A ROOM FOR OLD CRONIES

Three Cheers for the Rotarians

Everybody knows the good the Rotarians do. More and more they spread happiness about the world.

At Dartford they have had a capital idea which we imagine must have sprung up in the kindly heart of the town's librarian, Mr Edward Wood. The idea is a Veteran's Club, which has just been housed in a fine room of the block of buildings occupied by the library and the museum, both of which have lately grown and demanded extra space.

The new buildings giving an opportunity for an extra room, the room has been furnished with 48 chairs, eight tables, and a piano, with central heating and an electric fire, and set aside for the Veterans. They are men who have retired from active daily work and are glad to have a place where they can come together and chat with one another on a rainy day—or on a fine day, as far as that goes, for the Veterans Room at Dartford is bright enough for any day, and we are not surprised to know that it has 90 members over 60, whose lives are made happier by the kindly thought of these Rotarians.

The £3 Windmill

Many a smallholder and poultry farmer has wished for a windmill which would grind his grain while he carried out other tasks.

Mr George Court, of Sutton Valence, Kent, has solved the problem by building a windmill of his own at a cost of about £3. He used old car parts and scrap metal in building the mill, which stands nine feet high and has a sail-span of five feet six inches. It drives an old hand machine and can be adapted for other tasks, such as sawing logs.

Mr Court has farmed in Kent for many years, and has made many other ingenious labour-saving appliances, one of which (a wood-drier) was manufactured from an old kitchen range.

The Story of the White Stick

THANKS to the enthusiasm of the Boy Scouts and other members of Youth organisations, white sticks are being collected in hundreds for the use of the blind. As recorded in the C N not long ago, at least 10,000 are to be acquired.

Many a collector has been asked about the origin of this excellent idea, and, like all ideas of the kind, it is very simple, yet so helpful that credit should be given to its pioneers.

Early in 1931 Mr E. J. Johnson, the Borough Treasurer of West Ham, was visiting Paris when his wife called his attention to the fact that blind people wore white armlets. There are over 400 blind people in West Ham, and Mr Johnson began to think out a way of distinguishing them in highways which were growing more dangerous year by year. He is a Rotarian, and in discussing the matter with his fellow members a scheme for presenting white sticks to the blind of West Ham was suggested. Alderman Thomas Groves, M.P., is Secretary of the National League of the Blind in this town, and he supported the scheme with enthusiasm.

The Rotary Club immediately launched a campaign to make the White Stick idea widely known, and within six months 28 Rotarian Clubs had adopted it. Today the number in the British Isles is 171, and about half the total of our registered blind have

been equipped, free of charge, with a white stick.

The Rotary Movement, however, is international, and so the West Ham pioneers have made sure that its advantages have been pointed out far and wide, with the result that nearly 2000 towns in America have adopted the White Stick, as well as many parts of the Dominions and European countries.

The movement was barely a year old when it was the means of saving two men from drowning. These men had fallen over Newcastle Quay, and strangers, not knowing that they were blind, threw lifebelts to support them. The unfortunate men took no notice of the lifebelts, and those on the quay then saw two white sticks floating, and realised that the men were blind in time to plunge into the water and save them.

Like all true pioneers, the West Ham Rotarians are not satisfied, and are still engaged on a publicity campaign. The latest plan is for a film which will show those who have sight how they can help the carriers of the White Stick when they encounter them in a street or a public building. Kinema slides have already been exhibited.

The C N hopes its readers will do all they can to give to the bearers of this simple symbol the little extra consideration which will make so much difference to their safety and comfort.

Roads in the Air

THE year opened badly with the R A F. Serious damage occurred to eight costly aeroplanes in Scotland through neglect to house them firmly against winter gales.

That was bad enough, for it meant the loss of much costly material. Worse it is to observe the continued heavy loss of lives in aeroplane crashes. On a single day planes fell in the Solent and in a street at Brighton. It would be interesting to know the value of the machines destroyed in the crashes of 1937 which killed about 150 young men.

All too frequently we hear of crashes caused by slight collisions which would mean nothing to a motor-car on a road but mean death and destruction in the air. It will become necessary to plan air

roads, with appropriate day and night land beacons, to prevent air collisions. Planes arriving at A will have to arrive by one such road and leave by another. Even this will be ineffective with poor visibility, or in fog. We approach a future full of strange aerial accidents.

To meet the fog difficulty, the Air Ministry is arranging what are called Horizontal Road Spaces. Space above sea level is divided into four layers:

3300 feet to 6600
7000 feet to 10,600
11,000 feet to 14,600
15,000 feet to 18,000

Carrying height indicators, airmen will confine themselves as directed to allotted roads, and thus avoid collision.

Boring For the New Thames Tunnel

ANOTHER Thames tunnel will soon be taking shape, boring having begun under the river at Purfleet.

The new tunnel will link Purfleet in Essex with Dartford in Kent. On the Essex side a shaft 70 feet deep has been sunk and on the Kent side a shaft 90 feet deep is ready. First a small pilot tunnel is driven from the foot of each shaft under the river. This is what is happening at Purfleet. The pilot tunnel will later be enlarged to the size required, its roof becoming the roof of the big tunnel.

At Purfleet the tunnellers are finding Thames mud, which is excellent for holding the compressed air with which it is necessary to fill the workings. But

on the Kent side chalk is the material, and this does not hold the compressed air which blows away through fissures. So holes are bored in the chalk and liquid cement is forced in under a pressure of a hundred pounds to a square inch. This fills the fissures and so prevents the compressed air from escaping from the workings.

Tunnelling from the Kent side is thus a much slower operation; but it is expected that the tunnellers will meet somewhere beneath midstream by September. The tunnel, a thousand yards long at its deepest and about a mile with its approaches, is expected to be ready by 1941.

Spring Comes in January

WAKING up on a January morning and looking out to find your peach, apricot, and quince trees covered with masses of delicate pink and white blossoms, you would rub your eyes and look again.

That is how the children of the fruit-growing districts of Southern California must have felt last month when their trees burst into bloom. Even in warm California these trees do not usually bloom until March or April, but the long spell of warm weather, with temperatures in the high seventies, has made the trees behave as if it were Spring.

However, in spite of the lovely sight miles upon miles of the pink and white blossoms make against their background

of distant snow-capped mountains, the growers are not happy, for the temperature may take a sudden drop at any time and frost may ruin the crop at this stage.

The owners of the groves have their "smudge pots" ready to set alight at first sign of a frost. These squat, metal lamps are placed at intervals among the trees, and burn a sort of oil which makes a thick black smoke. The smoke cloud over the trees prevents the frost from settling upon them.

This Week's Book Token

This week's Book Token is awarded to Miss Olive Chisham for her letter asking for a book by Rudyard Kipling.

The King's England Volume for the Lake Counties

One quarter of the King's England volumes, in which the Editor is surveying the towns and villages of England and all that is in them, is now completed. The country's welcome to this vast enterprise has been remarkable, and we give below a few opinions of the volume for the Lake Counties. The books are published by Hodder and Stoughton.

A remarkable survey describing all Cumberland and Westmorland worth mentioning. This valuable book on a beautiful district of England will give pleasure to all who read it. The Field

Mr Mee manages to get in a small space facts that are to be found as a rule scattered through quite a big library of books. Evening Express

No descriptive writer can excel Mr Mee in putting much into little, and certainly this book, as the publishers claim, does offer a wider range than most of those on the Lakes. The Scotsman

A volume of many delights. Under Mr Mee's skilful guidance full justice has been done to the subject in all its aspects. Aberdeen Press

Tourist and native alike will find it a treasure house. West Cumberland News

The claim is justly made that this work is unique. The book is indispensable to the tourist and should be possessed by natives and lovers of the two counties, whether living in them or away. Cumberland News

It is not a dry catalogue of territorial assessments; it fills the stage with pictorial actors who played their part at any time within a thousand years, describes ancient and curious and beautiful things, and enthralls you with the drama that may be hidden behind the life of the most somnolent village. You have only to carry it in your car, turn up the village you are passing through, and heigh, presto! the past lives again. Cumberland and Westmorland Herald

Arthur Mee has done a great service to Cumberland and Westmorland in this book. It tells in a new way the story of almost every hill and dale and every lake and stream around. It is not the pedantic language of the historian or the archaeologist that is used, but that of the lover pure and simple. The charm of Lakeland prevails from first page to last; it is something which does for our Lakeland a task which had long awaited the touch of a worthy artist. If it could be made a textbook for the schools it would be one of the best ways imaginable of inculcating a love and knowledge of their native counties. Penrith Observer

All the places in alphabetical order, and a compact, informative chapter devoted to each. It is packed with curious information about Lakeland valleys and villages and ancient houses, and I for one hope to take it with me on my annual visit to the country it describes. Yorkshire Post

All that is of interest in each place is mentioned, and a very ample record it is of events and notable people, ancient and beautiful things, local lore and customs. The tourist desiring to leave the highroad and explore the byways, the old-world villages, and remote hamlets could not wish for a better guide. In get-up and quality the book is well entitled to take its place in Lakeland literature. Westmorland Gazette

It deserves to be found in the library of all who love the grey villages and green hills of Lakeland. Blackpool Gazette

A TONIC FROM SANDRINGHAM

The Sandringham flax industry has given a lead which is being followed in other parts of England.

A Northamptonshire flax mill started three years ago and has paid so well that the owners have now made a contract with local farmers offering to buy the flax (which also produces linseed oil and oil cake) grown on 2000 acres. They will pay £17 a ton for the flax and £2 a ton for the straw, the factory supplying the seed free. The linseed chaff is useful to the farmers, who value it at about £3 10s a ton.

Certain farmers propose to start a flax factory in Suffolk, where flax was once widely grown. About a century ago the local factories ceased to make large supplies of certain woven goods and the flax trade declined.

THE OLD INN

While making alterations to an inn at Stamford, workmen came upon a stone arch of the 13th century. The inn has been the property of St George's church for about 600 years, but till this discovery was made no one was sure that it had ever been part of a religious building.

THE GOAT ON THE CLIFF

This is the story of an unfortunate goat which made a slip.

It fell 30 feet down a cliff on the Nose of Howth headland in Ireland, and fortunately landed on a small ledge. Below the frightened animal the cliff dropped 200 feet sheer to the sea.

Patrick Cartwright of Howth happened to see the goat. It was impossible to climb up or down the rocky face of the cliff, and he ran to the village and fetched a rope, with which a friend lowered him until he swung near the ledge, where he fastened the rope round the struggling goat and hauled it up to safety.

Cartwright has been presented with a silver salver by the N S P C A in Dublin.

150 YEARS AGO IN THIS FREE LAND

Our triumphant contemporary, the Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, is able to perform the useful and interesting office of giving us each morning an item of news from its own pages 150 years ago. Here is the extract for January 24, 1788.

Governments can blow hot and cold in the same breath as well as individuals. Bring a Negro to one part of a free-born Englishman's dominions, and he is free—land him in another, and he is the worst of slaves.

It will hardly be credited that a Liverpool tradesman now rides in his carriage, and has a villa near Ormskirk, who only ten years ago began the world with selling the collars which are generally used for the Negroes in the British West-India islands, and sometimes for house-dogs in this land of liberty.

THE NICE OLD CHAP

A pretty tale of King Christian comes from Denmark through Reuter's Agency.

While shopping in a big store the King rang up the manager of the firm on one of the store telephones.

"Who is speaking, please?" asked the telephone girl. "The King," replied King Christian. "Oh, stop that nonsense, old chap!" said the telephone girl, thinking someone was making fun of her.

The King had a happy thought; he bought a box of chocolates for the telephone girl, and enclosed with it this message: "With kind regards from the Old Chap."

SNAKE

While the minister was preaching not long ago in a Methodist church at Steenkoppies, South Africa, a member of the congregation rose and said: "Excuse me, there's a snake."

The service was interrupted while two men killed the snake, which was seen near the door, a deadly black ringhals, four feet long.

This We Could See With a Planetarium

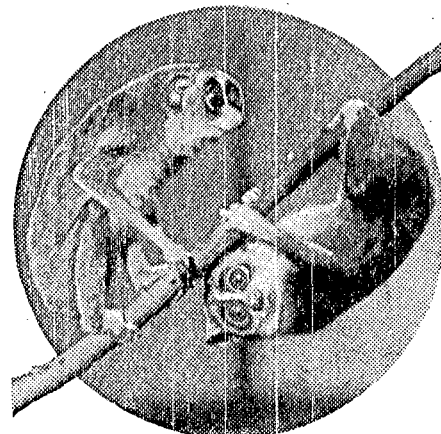
The children of Christian nations have always loved the story of the Three Wise Men who followed the Star in the East to Bethlehem to find Jesus, so the officials of the planetariums of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles lately recreated the skies under which they travelled as a special holiday treat for the children of those cities.

Astronomers spent a long time studying to find out what stars could be seen and what their positions over Bethlehem were on the night when Jesus was born, and pictures of the stars were carefully worked out so that machines

could project them on the artificial skies of the planetariums.

On entering the hall the visitor heard appropriate music softly played. The doors were shut, the lights gradually faded, while the dome became the colour of the night sky. One by one stars began to come out.

An astronomer then told the Christmas story as the stars grew thicker, and with an arrow of light pointed out the Eastern Star, the scene looking so real that the visitor seems to be standing under the skies of Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. *Picture on page 3*



Slender loris at the London Zoo

NOBODY'S BANK ACCOUNT

The Bolton Savings Bank has just published a list of accounts forgotten by their owners.

In 1821 Elizabeth Ogden of Turton near Bolton deposited a sum of money in the bank and has not been near since.

A hundred years ago Mary Barry of Bolton put some money in the bank and has not been since.

The most recent case is that of a salesman who last had dealings with the bank in 1927.

NO WAITING

As motorists enter a private road leading to a new Ford service station at Kingston their cars interrupt an invisible ray. The ray causes a bell to ring in the reception office, so that someone is ready to welcome the visitor.

FEWER ACCIDENTS IF WINDOWS OPENED INWARD

Many accidents to window cleaners could be prevented. That is the opinion of Sheriff Wilton of Glasgow.

After the death of Patrick Keenan, a window cleaner who fell while trying to clean the back of an outward-opening window, Sheriff Wilton said:

All windows should open inward. That time has not yet arrived, but it is coming.

Also there would be fewer accidents if window cleaners would obey the law and not walk along narrow ledges, as they constantly do.

A Refuge From the Stormy Blast

The children in a school near Leeds were excited not long ago when a frightened mouse was found cowering under a radiator.

The little creature appeared to be half-starved, but it revived after being wrapped in a silk handkerchief and made comfortable in front of the fire. At lunch-time the scholars gave their visitor morsels of food, and by the time they went to dinner the mouse was feeling strong again. One of the teachers took it home.

The mouse was not the school's first unusual visitor. For several years a pair of swallows had a nest on a beam in

one of the classrooms, a window being left open all the summer so that they might come and go. A year or two ago the intense cold of a winter day drove a robin and a starling to seek shelter in the infants room. For a fortnight the feathered guests remained indoors, usually perching on the fireguard, and taking little notice of the boys and girls, though grateful for the food which was given to them. They flew away one day when no one had any idea that the cold spell was breaking, but within a few hours the wind changed and a warmer period set in. *Apparently the birds were better weather prophets than the teachers.*

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

Rather startling are the latest figures showing the number of children attending Sunday Schools now, compared with the beginning of the century.

In 1906 the Anglican and Free churches of England and Wales could claim over six million children; in 1928 this number had dwindled by over a million, and in 1936 the number was under four millions.

Equally startling are the figures showing the decrease in clergymen. At the beginning of this century about 21,000 clergymen were working in England; today the staff of the Church of England is 12,680. It is difficult to imagine that such a fall will not most seriously affect the future of the Church.

TURNING LAND INTO WOOD

Most of us know that nearly all the wood in our buildings and mines comes from overseas.

Now we are told that we can multiply our poor home output fivefold or sixfold. All that we produce annually is 47 million cubic feet, whereas we need 1027 millions. Sir Roy Robinson, of the Forestry Commission, says that we can produce up to 300 millions, and this is what he thinks we should do:

Improve existing woodlands.

Plough up millions of acres of waste land with heavy ploughs and caterpillar tractors, and plant them.

New planting is now going on at the slow rate of 24,000 acres a year; at this rate a century would be needed to complete a proper planting programme. We hope Sir Roy will succeed with his ideas.

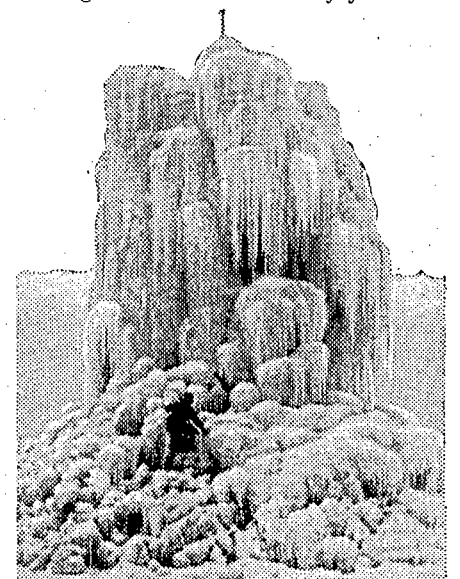
NO OATS FOR ITALIAN HORSES

It is not only the people in Italy who have had to cut down their food bills, man's faithful friend the Horse is to be deprived of his oats.

Under the Self-Sufficiency Plan cavalry and artillery horses will be fed on cakes made of refuse and products such as bran siftings, molasses, coco-pods, tomato skins and seeds, skins and crushed seeds of grapes, hay and straw, and refuse from bakeries. A factory is being built to make this new fodder at Naples.

GOOD NEWS FROM A GARDEN

During experiments in the New York Botanical Garden to find a good seedless grape, no less than 175 new varieties were obtained last year, and so successful have been the results that it is hoped the results will pay the whole expenses of the garden for the last forty years.



A frozen fountain on an island in Detroit River, the boundary between Canada and USA

BIGGER BRITAIN

Our little island is growing bigger—surprising news, seeing that an average of 250 acres is swallowed up every year by the sea.

But the yearly reports from observation stations show that about 1500 acres of land permanently above sea level are added each year to Great Britain.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 12 1938

A Great Fight

It is a great issue which is being fought out in the United States, the issue between Privilege and Popular Right, between Wealth and Poverty, between Plutocracy and Democracy. Is America to rule herself as a people, or is she to submit to the domination of Money?

We may illustrate the matter by the case of the great Tennessee Valley Authority, whose wonderful electrical works we have described in the C.N. Eighteen private companies challenge the existence of this public authority on the ground that such public competition is illegal, but so far President Roosevelt has triumphed in this all-important matter. The T.V.A. is a splendid undertaking, and it would be monstrous if the Supreme Court could put it out of action.

How remarkable it is that such a country as America should be in doubt as to whether it has the right to use its own water-power for its own people! The doubt goes to the root of the great issue of Public Right versus Private Monopoly, which is now being contested.

Because so much wealth has accumulated in a few hands in America, its owners have come to think they possess a right to govern, to exercise powers with which Parliament has no right to interfere. It is astonishing to find that there are 61 millionaires in America so rich that they have each a million dollars or more coming in every year.

With such extreme wealth we may contrast the accusing words uttered by Mr Roosevelt last year. After reminding his audience of the wonderful natural wealth possessed by America he went on:

I see tens of millions of its citizens who at this very moment are denied the greater part of what the very lowest standards of today call the necessities of life.

I see millions of families trying to live on incomes so meagre that the pall of disaster hangs over them day by day.

I see millions whose daily lives in city and on farm continue under conditions labelled indecent by a so-called polite society half a century ago.

I see one-third of the nation ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-nourished.

American politics have become exceedingly interesting, especially as the Congress elections are due at the end of this year. If Mr Roosevelt's majority is then weakened he will lose power to carry on with his programme. Unfortunately, politics in America are as bitter as in France, and we do not know the outcome, but whatever may happen we are confident that in the long run the cause of Privilege will fail and the cause of Right prevail.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Our Reformed Navy

MORE comforts, hammocks to fit, and the rest of it—His Majesty's Navy is getting quite spoiled.

The latest news from the sea front is that when in tropical waters naval officers may disport themselves in white shirts and shorts! There may be grumbling below decks, however, for while the officers are to be cooled not a word is said about the men who apparently must continue, whatever the temperature, to wear those marvellous trousers that measure 30 inches or thereabouts round the ankles!

Hands Out of Pockets!

Is there an increase in the bad habit of placing the hands made by Nature into the pockets made by tailors?

Observation seems to show that it is so, and we notice that several recent episodes have directed attention to it.

A lad of 15 working on a roof fell to the ground and was killed. It was stated in evidence that he could probably have saved himself but for the fact that he had his hands in his pockets. A police-constable had to be rebuked by a London magistrate for having his hands in his pockets while in Court. This is what the magistrate said:

As a constable you should know how to conduct yourself. In the first place, take your hands out of your pockets.

It is not a little distressing to see boys, youths, and men in the streets so badly trained that they find it necessary to hide their hands while walking or lounging.

News From Sick Rooms

WE have been looking at an annual report; such things are not so dull as we may imagine. This one is on Clubland, the splendid Temple of Youth in Camberwell.

We read that Percy Tolley made £20 for his club during his long illness; that Mrs de Mouilpied, unable to leave her room, turned it into a Clubland workshop and made £100; and that a dear invalid lady walked to Clubland just before she died with a case full of a whole year's weekly envelope offerings.

Curious

It is good news to know that Chislehurst is not to lose the water tower leading to its common.

What is curious is that the Sidcup council decided to destroy the tower by one vote, and reversed its decision on receiving a protest from a thousand people; but far more curious is this—that, although it was decided to destroy this tower, the owner of the tower received from the authorities not one single word.

Even a Dictator, we feel, would have been kinder than that.

Wheat and the World

WE are glad to see Liverpool Corn Trade Association contesting the conception that the world may soon be producing more wheat than it needs.

As its President says, there has never been too much wheat in the sense that the wheat of exporting countries was nowhere in the world required for consumption by men and animals. What has been called "an unwanted surplus" is merely a part of the world tragedy that the goods and services of one country cannot be freely exchanged for those of another.

What a fine human race the world would acquire if a splendid output of food were matched against a satisfied consumption!



Tip-Cat

NEWSPAPER poster: *Under Hollywood's Hat*
A vacuum, no doubt.

THE BBC is to have brighter programmes. Most of the music will be light.

GAS is to be dearer. People will turn it down.

TELEVISION in colour is coming. We shall see red and get the right blues.

THE franc has fallen again. And it is always difficult to raise money.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If a man of grit gets in the public eye



HOSIERS are having a conference. Will they give each other socks?

WE are all getting the feeling of Spring. Jumpy.

LAST year was the wettest for ages. For all ages.

PRINTED tablecloths are popular in Paris. In some homes newspapers are popular.



THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE National Gardens Scheme has raised £114,000 for nurses in ten years.

LAST year's new Boy Scouts brought the world membership to 2,855,000.

OVER £7,000,000 has now been raised by Poppy Day.

JUST AN IDEA

We like that saying of Stephen McKenna that some people are born with a determination to get the best out of life, not to cry over spill milk, not to fold their hands and resign themselves; while some people seem to make up their minds to have the worst of everything.

The Unseen Brother

We have received this letter from a rectory in Wales in reference to the story of Maurice Wilson of Everest and his feeling that there was another Presence with him.

I AM chaplain to Glanely Hospital, Cardiff, and hold services in the hall. At one service I noticed that one crawled in who, I thought, ought not to have left his bed, because he looked so ill. I called at his bed afterwards to see if he was all right; and this is what he told me.

He said: You were surprised to see me at that service. Well, I had to come. I was in the battle of Jutland and was thrown into the cold grip of the North Sea for an hour or two. I would have been drowned in no time, but I felt the Presence of a Loving Brother coming into me, who said, *Cheer up; we will get through this.* In time I was picked up.

I have been through two operations since then, and my Divine Brother has come back to me each time and carried me through. I am going through another tomorrow morning, and I lost heart a bit and crawled out to the service to get a little help.

Well (I said), did you get it?

Yes, Padre (he said), it's all right now. He is with me. Goodbye! He is taking me home this time.

I called the next morning to find that he did not regain consciousness after the operation. He was a fine young man in the prime of life. His death is another witness to the promise of Christ to His disciples: I shall be in you.

This Slow Motor Age

IN New York the foreigner soon finds that it is waste of time to take a taxi. As soon as he acquires wisdom on the subject he finds it quicker to take to the Underground.

So in London. Not long ago the Manchester Guardian experimented with the two journeys, Marble Arch to Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross to St Paul's. Comparison was made between bus, bicycle, and pedestrian. On the first route the order of speed was Bicycle, Pedestrian, Bus. On the second route the order was Bicycle, Bus, Pedestrian, the pedestrian being only five minutes behind the bus.

We can understand, therefore, why last year's bus strike led to a fall in bus earnings when traffic was resumed. Many people had been driven to take to foot and bicycle and so to save their pence, and large numbers continue to do so.

A general point of interest is that speed sometimes defeats itself. The bus was speedy, but so many have been made that they now obstruct each other.

The fact is that the Motor Age has slowed down speed in town.

Be Noble

Be noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping, but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

James Russell Lowell

BRAINS WANTED AT THE KINEMA

Why Are British
Studios Idle?

A VAST MARKET THROWN AWAY

The sad case of the British film industry is evidently too much for the brains at the head of it.

It reminds us of the early years of British aeroplane manufacture, when, although flying-machines meant more to Britain than to any other nation, their manufacture lagged on British soil. In 1909, when a big prize was offered for a British plane engine, only six competitors appeared, and only three entered engines. Of these three two failed to complete the stipulated 24-hours run.

We have now recovered from this bad beginning, and our planes are unbeaten.

So it must come to be with British films. We must not tolerate the present position, which sees only four film studios at work on actual production. Three times that number of British studios are producing nothing.

The English-Speaking Market

The industry, in submitting to defeat, has thrown out of work a large number of skilled and unskilled assistants, and pitiable stories are told of hundreds of stranded people.

The film industry has become of national and imperial importance. It provides recreation, instruction, and culture. Making allowance for the poor and bad films, there remains a substantial proportion of pictures of real excellence. Great possibilities are opening up. No other agent, perhaps, not even wireless telegraphy, is so potent in its influence. It will come to be true that he who makes the world's pictures will make or unmake the world's peoples.

The British film industry starts with a stupendous advantage, for English is current in many lands and is the official language of a fourth of all mankind. This great advantage is changed to disadvantage when British neglect allows the American picture producer to monopolise the use of English.

An Unparalleled Opportunity

English literature and British history offer the film-maker glorious stories for the multitude, and only brains are wanted to stimulate an industry which has such supreme natural advantages.

One gleam of light appears in the matter, and that is the promised British production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Such an enterprise might well herald a new and better beginning for British films.

Let us not suppose that lavishing of capital or the protection of Parliament will meet the case. The industry needs brains and artists. It must call to its aid our best writers, artists, and interpreters. As with the aeroplane, success may be won out of failure by a resolute efficiency; but first of all the films must be saved from the showmen who now rule their destinies and be put under the control of men with character and brains equal to an unparalleled opportunity.

TINFOIL

Do Not Waste It

It is surprising how much money can be made by the sale of one of the chief articles strewn about by the Litter Lout.

Tinfoil, the silver paper from chocolate-boxes, cigarette-packets, and so on, has proved a valuable source of income to the National Children's Home at Highbury Park, which, since it began to collect tinfoil, is richer by £3247 from this source. In one recent month alone 92 sacks and parcels of tinfoil arrived at Highbury.

THE TRICOLOUR AMONG THE FISHING BOATS

Kindly Hearts on a Submarine

We were telling the story of Pastor Niemoller last week. Now his trial is due and it is good to remember that even on a German submarine there was a kindlier spirit for an enemy than Nazism has for a loyal citizen.

This is a story Dr Niemoller tells of the days when he was on the U-boat, pursuing enemies in a war which meant life and death. The incident occurred when mine-laying off Lisbon.

HAVING finished our work, we quickly made ourselves scarce and steered westwards into the open sea, submerged at 65 feet through the whole forenoon, making use of this interval for a good wash and shave, followed by an equally thorough and substantial breakfast and (last but not least) for making up arrears of sleep. Who knows what may come?

But the next event was a joke! At 11 a.m. came the order "Diving stations! Stand by to surface!" Slowly the boat rose to 40 feet; up went the periscope; the captain took a quick look round, followed by a

slower and more thorough one. Nothing suspicious in sight. Up comes the boat. "Open conning-tower hatch!"

I am already standing alongside the captain on the conning-tower. All round us is a whole armada of small fishing boats, peacefully casting their nets and lines, whose crews now begin to shout, hoist their sails, and get out their oars. "Stop the bilge pump!" The main engines are started up and we steam south with our exhaust trailing astern.

Meanwhile, Boatswain's Mate Hennig rushes below and reappears with a rolled-up ensign under his arm. He goes off to the ensign staff and a moment later the French tricolour is fluttering from it!

The effect is instantaneous and the fishing boat crews calm down at once. Here and there a cap is waved to us and peace is established. Imagination goes a long way!

We take the story from the volume published by William Hodge and Company, *From U-boat to Pulpit*, by Martin Niemoller. 8s 6d.

WILL THE GREAT LIGHT COME AGAIN?

As the CN Astronomer makes clear on another page, people who missed the Aurora Borealis on January 25 may be given a second chance.

The sunspot which, from its vast dark crater, spouted an unmeasurable volume of electric particles, is now on the other side of the sun; but the sun, revolving in about 27 days, will bring it round again to face the earth next week or shortly after. The whirlpool may have partially subsided, and the hollow have filled up, but because of its vast extent it may not have lost much in its four weeks' ride.

If it is as big as ever another magnetic storm may be experienced by the earth, and the same effects of lighting in the skies perceived.

The electric particles evolved by the sunspot do not actually reach the earth, but they create a disturbance in what is called the earth's magnetic field.

THE MONKEY THINKS IT OUT

DR FRANK M. CHAPMAN, of the Natural History Museum of New York, has been making a film showing the habits of certain monkeys on the island of Barro Colorado.

These monkeys live in the tree-tops and have fixed highways along which they can pass by springing from tree to tree, and Dr Chapman noticed that at one place a tree had been blown down, leaving a gap in the aerial highway.

When the tribe arrived at the spot they held an obvious consultation, and agreed on a new jump of about 23 feet at a downward slope. The chief went first, and the others followed, until a

Because of this disturbance among the electric particles which are flung out to our outer atmosphere by the rotation of the giant magnet (which is the earth itself) these marvellous lighting effects are produced, generally at a height of 150 to 200 miles. Similar effects are of nightly occurrence in the regions of the North and South Magnetic Poles, and often in much lower latitudes.

It is the magnitude of the disturbance brought about by sunspots, and still more often by the eruptions of what are called solar prominences, bursts of fire hundreds of thousands of miles high, which bring the aurora into view farther south, or nearer the equator. Magnetic storms without auroral effects often occur on the earth and arise from either of these solar disturbances. Last year and the year before interruption of wireless signals was due to them more than once.

mother had to make the jump with her young one on her back. She had a good look and concluded that it was too risky; but the difficulty had to be got over, and finally she selected a place for leaving the youngster, made the jump herself, and climbed to a higher level until she found a branch which bent down under her weight. This branch and her own body made a bridge along which the little one could more safely venture.

It was a well-thought-out scheme, decided on before she made her first jump, and certainly proved a very high degree of intelligence.

BACK TO THEIR BOYHOOD

PEOPLE in the busy shopping district of Chicago were startled a few weeks ago to see well-dressed men of from forty to sixty years of age selling newspapers.

They drew nearer, and were even more surprised to hear such cries as "Read all about uprising on Mexican border," or "America gets Philippine Islands from Spain."

When they had collected a small crowd these astonishing newsboys pointed out a story on the front page of their newspapers. It told how a group of city officials and prominent business men who had started their careers as

newsboys would again become newsboys for a day for the benefit of the Chicago Community Chest fund. In America it has become almost a tradition that nearly every man who makes a fortune began as a newsboy in some city.

Most of them cried news which had happened in the days when they were selling papers as boys. They vied with each other in finding ways to attract the most customers. People flocked to buy the papers, which brought from fivepence to five pounds a copy, the papers being a special issue which did not compete with the work of the regular newsboys.

FAIR PLAY IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Cape Dutch and
the Indian

A RHODES SCHOLAR'S ADVICE

Cecil Rhodes would have been proud and satisfied to hear some words spoken by one of his Rhodes Scholars, Jan Hofmeyer.

He is the Dutch Minister of the Interior of the South African Government, and was appealing to the Indian community of South Africa when they were bidding farewell to their Agent-General, Syed Sir Raza Ali.

He paid a warm tribute to what Sir Raza had done to maintain good relations between Indians and Dutch and British in South Africa, and appealed to the Indian community to keep on with the good work.

Strangers in a Strange Land

The Indians are very much in the position of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal when Paul Kruger was alive, and when their grievances impelled Cecil Rhodes to break with the Cape Dutch in a disastrous attempt to remedy them by force. Though a compact, industrious, and profitable community, they have no citizen rights. They are strangers in a strange land.

In consequence, the hotheads among them (as among the Uitlanders in the sorry past) are urging that the Indian should make common cause with the Bantu and other coloured races in South Africa in forcing the white man to recognise their rights. Thus would be built up a non-European front.

A Threat to the Future

But Mr Hofmeyer, reading aright the lessons of the South African war, which caused a breach between Dutch and British, only closed after many years by the statesmanship of such men as Lord Milner, Louis Botha, and Jan Smuts, told his Indian hearers that such a movement could only lead to danger to themselves, and would be a threat to the future of a United South Africa. It would be made use of by nations who had only their own interests in view, and would see them served best by a South Africa divided against itself. The right course was to build up a basis of common interest between Indians and Europeans.

With that counsel, Sir Raza Ali, as spokesman for his fellow Indians, agreed. He had always advised them to stand on their own legs and trust to the justice and fairness of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But in his turn this Indian statesman had a warning to give. India is now on its way to become a full member of that Commonwealth. How will she view the exclusion from it of her Indian subjects domiciled in a fellow Dominion?

The Parting of the Ways?

It may be that both India and South Africa stand here at the parting of the ways. There are signs in India itself now that the Congressional Indians are realising, in consequence of what is now happening in China, that the British Commonwealth is, when all is said and done, their best friend.

It is now the turn of South Africa, which after long turmoil and stress has come to a similar conclusion, to drive the lesson home by concessions to the Indians who contribute to its prosperity. Jan Hofmeyer, who lived and learned in the heart of England how the British people, though often blundering, always make fair play their goal, may also teach his fellow South Africans the value of giving away something, if only the vote.

That would satisfy the Indian, cost the South African nothing, and put him in a better position to deal with other grievances as they come along.

OLD FATHER THAMES AND HIS

Father Thames is to be busy this year. One tunnel is being talked of and another is being built, as we read on another page, and there is to be an inquiry into the possibility of a Barrage which would turn the Thames above Woolwich into a lake, so that the river through London would be tideless and at a constant level. Ships would enter this lake through six great locks built in the dam.

THE story of the Thames as a river goes back long before the days of man.

It was the great tributary of an immense European river flowing through land that now forms the bed of the North Sea. It was then a great river flowing through the South Midlands and passing out of present-day England through the Wash. At a later period in geological time it broke through the chalk hills of the Chilterns and Berkshire Downs and gradually became confined to the great west-to-east basin through the bottom of which it flows today, a peaceful and beautiful river.

Compared with the great rivers of Asia and America its course is short and its width is narrow, yet it is one of the most important rivers in the world, for its position in England has made London not only the capital of our Motherland but the great trading and commercial centre of Europe and the world. The wharves and warehouses lining its tidal shores stand at the hub of the land area of the earth.

The Thames rises at Thames Head on the south-eastern flank of the

Cotswolds, only twenty miles from the Atlantic coast, and flows in an eastern direction across the south of England for 210 miles until its waters are lost in the North Sea at the Nore. As it flows its level falls, and when its waters reach London they are 360 feet lower than at Thames Head. Indeed, the waters of its tributary the Churn, rising from the Seven Springs, come from a height of 700 feet above the level of the sea.

Washing the Soil of Ten of Our Fairest Counties

As it flows along it washes the soil of ten of our fairest counties—Gloucester, Wiltshire, and Oxford, Berkshire and Buckingham, Middlesex and Surrey, London and Essex and Kent. From the slopes and hills of these counties and the counties that range beyond them the Thames receives some twelve big rivers and many small rivers, rills, brooks, and rivulets, for the most part nameless. After a great rainstorm has lashed the hills and valleys and meadows that form

its basin of 5924 square miles, all these streams, big and little, hurry their turbid waters in full spate into the main river. In the days of drought the ditches and the rills dry up, but the rivers, fed from the springs in the chalk, flow steadily in, as clear and as pure as crystal.

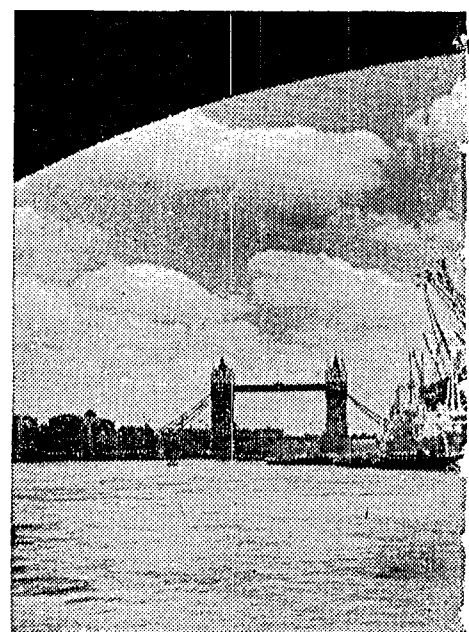
Beautiful are most of these tributaries, and many of their names are in a tongue spoken by the ancient peoples who dwelt on their banks long before Caesar came to ford it on his conquering march fifty years before the birth of Christ.

The Isis (a classical translation of the ancient word Ouse) is the name often given to the Thames as it springs from the Cotswold Hills, from whose summits can be seen the Atlantic tide as it flows up the estuary of the Severn. The three first tributaries of note bawl down from the same Gloucestershire range: the Churn, which, after passing Cirencester, crosses the border into Wiltshire to join the Thames near Cricklade; the Coln, with Bibury and Fairford on its banks, flowing in at Lechlade; and half a mile to the east the Leach, which arrives at the meeting-place of three counties.

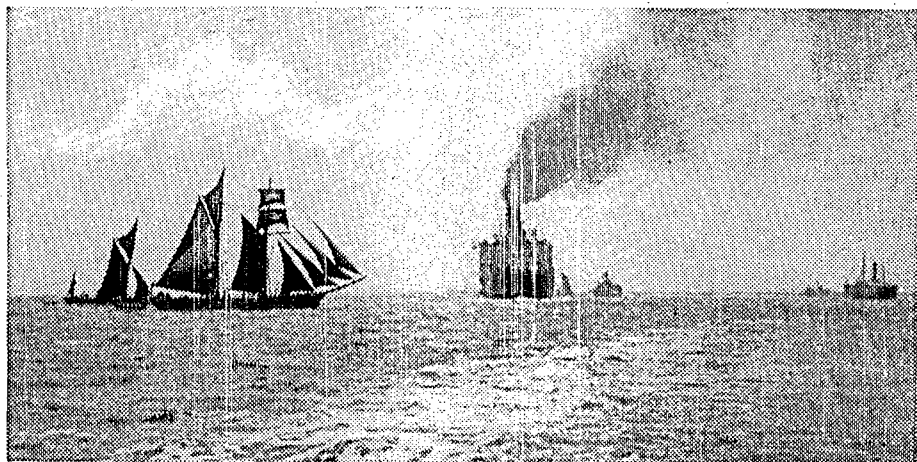
The Thames from this point forms the boundary for over 100 miles between Berkshire on the south and Oxford and Buckingham on the north. Until it reaches Oxford it is held to an easterly course by the hills of the Vale of the White Horse. Through the northern bank breaks another and a longer river, the Windrush, which rises near Temple Guiting in North Gloucestershire and flows south and east

through the right-hand bank at Abingdon, having flowed 18 miles from its source at Compton Beauchamp.

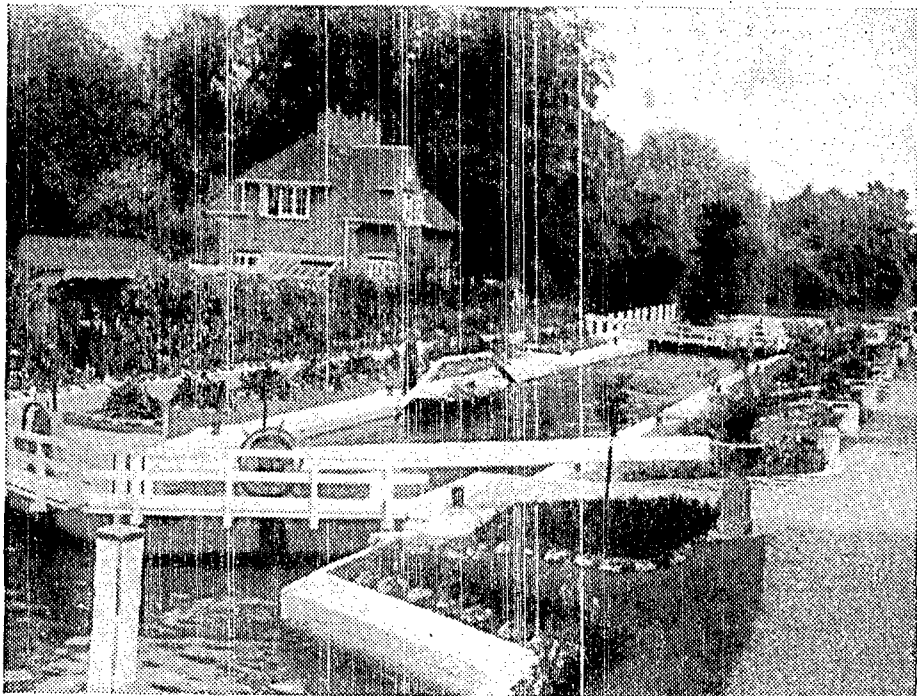
Oxfordshire contributes one more tributary, the Thame, which rises beyond Tring in Hertford and winds its way westward through the lovely Vale of Aylesbury to cross the border of Buckingham at Thame, a town bearing the name of both the tributary and the river it feeds. The lofty Chilterns now come close and keep the Thames flowing south to skirt Reading, where the Kennet comes along from its source in the Marlborough Downs, passing the town of this name.



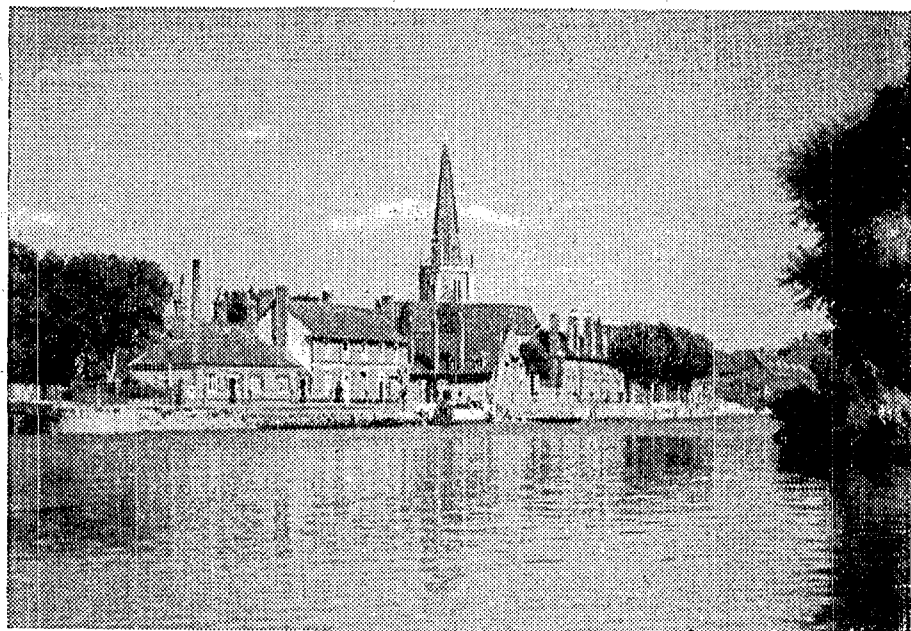
Ships and Wharves



The wide river at Gravesend where pilots join big ships to take them up to London



A Garden on the Thames—The beautiful lock at Sonning in Berkshire



The quiet rural scene at Abingdon in Berkshire

through Oxfordshire, passing Burford and Witney.

After a mile or two the southern hills turn the Thames north for five miles, but after receiving the waters of the Oxfordshire Evenlode it quickly turns south to gladden Oxford and to receive the Cherwell beside Magdalen's haunting tower. The Cherwell has taken its rise at Charwelton and flows for 30 miles due south through Northamptonshire and the whole of Oxfordshire, passing Banbury on its way.

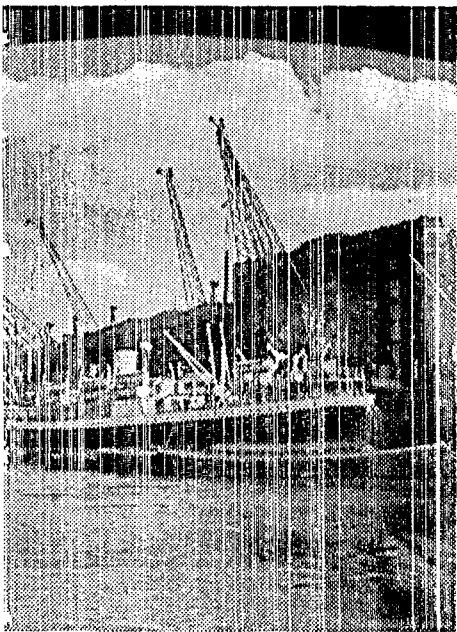
The White Horse Ridge now ends, and down its vale past Uffington comes the Ock, the first big river to break

The river now bends north, and between Shiplake and Wargrave there enters the Loddon flowing from the south through Twyford. Many miles, enriched by the river's loveliest scenery, go by before another Coln breaks through many openings in the north bank near Staines after passing through a shallow valley in which stands Uxbridge. From this point to Chiswick the river forms the line dividing Middlesex from Surrey. From Surrey comes the Wey, having thrust its way up through the North Downs at Guildford. The next tributaries are smaller ones, the Mole

FAMILY

and the Wandle from the south and the Brent from the north. Nearly all the old streams in the basin of London are now below its streets, but the invaluable Lee bears merchandise from London docks as far north as Ware and Hertford. With its feeders the Stort, the Ash, the Rib, the Beane, and the Maran, the Lee carries the rain from the Chilterns of Bedford, Hertford, and their foot-hills in Essex. Leaving London, the Thames flows between Essex and Kent, receiving the Roding from Essex and the Darent and the Medway from Sussex and Kent.

From the earliest times when the Goidels rowed up the river centuries



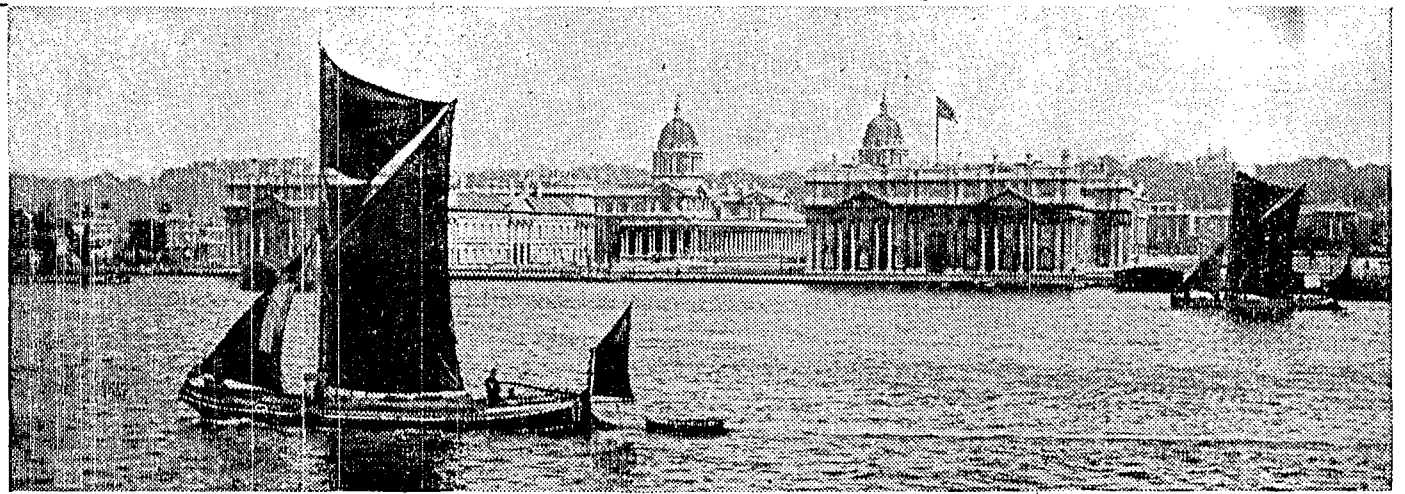
near Tower Bridge

before the Roman Era to hold sway over the New Stone Age race until those recent days when our ironclads steamed out to do battle in the North Sea, the Thames has been imbued with the history of our land. The Britons came here about 400 B C and used London as a base for both conquest and trade. Caesar remarked on the civilisation of the numerous people who lived there, and the Romans who came a hundred years later made a port and stronghold of London, built its first bridge, and made roads from it like spokes from the hub of a wheel.

The Castles and Palaces Along the River Banks

THE Saxons came up the Thames, and hundreds of years later the Vikings followed them and settled along its banks, as their place-names Woolwich and Chelsea remind us. William the Conqueror built a castle on its first tributary at Rochester, and a fortress by London Bridge to be known ever after as The Tower.

Barons and kings and courtiers built castles and palaces along its banks, while monks and nuns found peace beside its sheltered reaches. At Westminster, Greenwich, Hampton Court, and Windsor our rulers framed, and still frame, the laws of our land, and at Runnymede and Oxford the freedom of our people was won from reluctant rulers. In later years Oxford has risen to lead the land in culture, and more lately still the Universities



The great group of buildings known as Greenwich Hospital, designed by Wren, Inigo Jones, and other famous architects



One of the finest river views in London—Looking across Lambeth Bridge to the Houses of Parliament

of London and Reading have risen on its banks. Great public schools abound beside it, Eton and Marlborough, Charterhouse, Westminster, and many another dating back hundreds of years.

Looking back through the centuries we find the river a barrier and a boundary between hostile tribes and forces. Many a fight, from the days of Julius Caesar to the great Civil War, has taken place at its fords. Its bridges have been broken to impede the march of armies, and castles have been built and sacked along its banks.

When peace came finally to our shires the Thames began to bear for over a hundred miles a great stream of trade. Before the railways came to find easy gradients along its shores barges brought the world's produce to the inland towns from the sailing ships moored at London's wharves or strung in lines across the lower reaches, and the mother river of England was linked by canals with the Severn and other rivers. Barges can ply to Lechlade, the junction with the Thames and Severn Canal, projected away back in the reign of Charles the Second and completed in 1790. From Abingdon, and also by way of the Kennet, canals run to the Avon, and through the Cherwell goes a waterway to Birmingham. Some of these waterways are neglected, but from Brentford in the west of London, and from the docks in the east, runs the Grand Union Canal, now improved

so that merchandise can float between the greatest cities of England.

To serve this traffic over 40 locks have been built: Teddington, the limit of the tidal waters, Molesey, Sunbury, Shepperton, Chertsey, Penthook, Bell Weir near Staines, Old Windsor, Romney, Boveney, Bray, Boulter's at Taplow, Cookham, Marlow, Temple, with Hurley close by, Hambledon, Marsh near Wargrave, Shiplake, Sonning, Caversham, Mapledurham, Whitechurch, Goring, Cleve, Wallingford, Benson, Day's at Little Wittenham, Clifton, Culham, Abingdon, Sandford, Ifley, Osney at Oxford, Godstow, Pinkhill, Northmoor, Shiford, Rushy, Grafton, Buscot, and finally St John's near Lechlade, 150 miles by river from the sea.

Where Argosies From the Ends of the Earth Unload

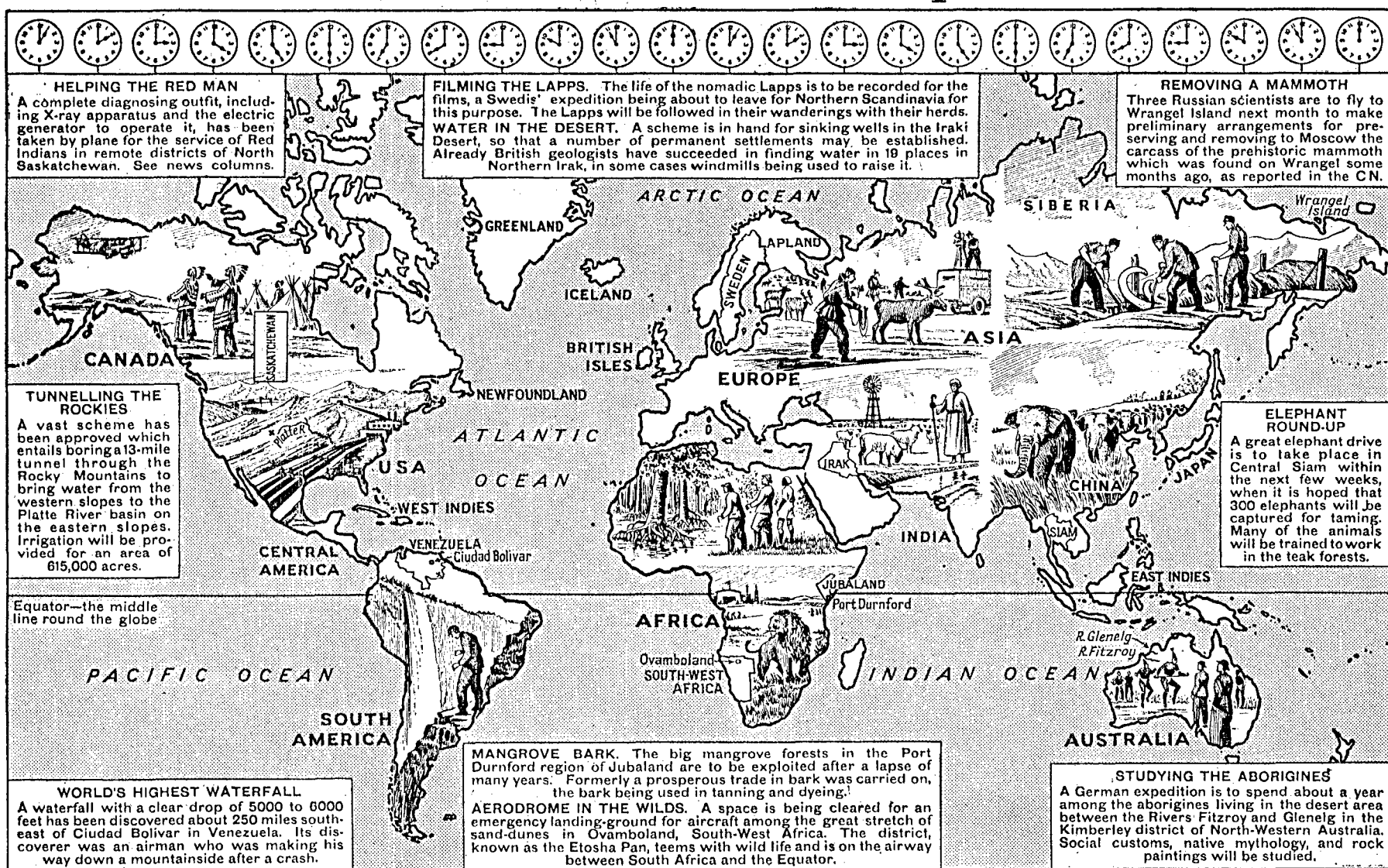
THE barges made their way leisurely along at the pace of a straining horse along the tow-path, but increasing and ever increasing bustle marked the tidal reaches, where argosies from the ends of the earth emptied their holds into the barges or on to the wharves that lined the river. The discovery of the New World and trade with the East created a huge fleet of merchantmen, and mile-long forests of spars marked the meandering course of the river below London Bridge. London's river became a shipping centre for Europe, whose merchants used it for the

transfer of goods from ship to ship, thus adding to London's wealth and making her the financial centre of the world. And then came steam, which sent soaring the quantity of traffic on the stream and the number of traders dwelling along its banks.

The Thames and its tributaries have served another vital need of the millions it has attracted to its banks. Wealth and work depend on health. It has made possible one of the greatest drainage systems in the world and has been made one of the biggest fountains of water for human needs. The rainfall of its basin is 27 inches a year, and the average discharge of its waters at Kingston is 1250 millions of gallons a day, never dropping below 350 million gallons in the driest summer. The Severn, with a larger basin and a 40-inch rainfall, falls to 100 millions of gallons. The chalk hills give the Thames this wealth of water, and exceedingly pure water at that. At Hampton, Littleton, Staines, Chingford, and elsewhere the few impurities are removed and 200 million gallons are supplied every day to London.

But it is the beauty of Nature along its banks that has endeared the Thames to all who have seen it. It is the great pleasure dream of the world. Artists have painted it; poets have sung of it. Cliveden Woods, Goring, Pangbourne, Bourne End, the view from Richmond Hill, the view of Windsor Castle, Boulter's Lock, Twickenham, and Marlow are among the most beautiful scenes in England.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



What Canada is Doing

About 115,000 Indians living in 800 communities in Canada are the concern of the Canadian health authorities, and everything that can be done is being done to promote their well-being.

The Saskatchewan Anti-Tuberculosis League has established clinics, and the Indian Affairs Branch of Canada's Ministry of Health employs 500 doctors and dentists who serve Indians scattered in remote corners of the Dominion. Aeroplanes are used for carrying medicines and supplies to distant centres, and for taking sick or injured Indians to hospitals.

Now we hear that not only are Indians brought to the clinics but the clinics are flown to the Indians, and a plane carrying a complete diagnosing outfit, including an X-ray apparatus and electric generator to operate it, was lately sent to Indian residential schools in North Saskatchewan.

Canada may well boast that she is caring for the red man as well as she can. See World Map

Air Patrols

Air patrols for Boy Scouts interested in aviation may be established in Australia in the near future.

It is suggested that Rover and Senior Scouts should be trained in aeronautics, mechanics, and aerodrome routine, the period of instruction lasting at least a year. The boys will take the part of a ground crew and learn how to wheel planes out of hangars, to place and remove wheel blocks, to refuel, check oil levels, test stays, and swing the planes to the wind.

Boy Scout Air Patrols were started with enthusiasm in Britain last year.

A PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

Five Members Under Twenty

The new Russian Parliament is remarkable for many things, but perhaps its most remarkable feature is the youth of the majority of its members.

It looks as though it may be the youngest Parliament in the world. Five of the members are under 20, one being a girl who is a director of a big textile firm. There are 569 members in the Supreme Council and only 183 are over 41, an analysis which would be reversed in most other Parliaments.

At least 29 nationalities are represented, for race and language have proved no bar in this election, the Moldavians and Udmurts of the latest republics sitting beside the Ukrainians, Poles, and Estonians, whom we associate more readily with the name of Russia. Jews, Greeks, Bulgars, Tatars, Yakuts, Armenians, Nenets, and Kara-Kalpakians—what a task must the Clerk of this Parliament have had in sorting out this youthful throng!

STEEL TOWER OF 100 TONS

A Novel Aerial Mast

A new antenna being erected for the pioneer broadcasting station of America, W G Y, of Schenectady, has some novel features.

It is a steel tower weighing a hundred tons which will be balanced on a single porcelain insulator, and 13 miles of copper strip will be used as an earth, buried in strips radiating from the base of the tower. A flashing red beacon is being placed at the top, which will be switched on and off automatically by means of a photo-cell according to the state of the light.

THE LOAF MAY BE CHEAPER

Germany and the World's Daily Bread

A world survey of the bread position is more cheerful than it was.

We are mainly interested in wheat, but there are countries, of course, whose bread is mainly rye, rice, and maize.

Speaking of wheat alone, European crops have been good. Russia reports an enormous crop; Italy needs no imports this year; Danubian production was good, giving a surplus.

While European demand for imported wheat is smaller, extra European supplies are excellent. The United States, Canada, Australia, and South America have good surpluses available for export. We may see a cheaper loaf this year.

Altogether, there is an apparent surplus in wheat-exporting lands of some 75 million quarters (a quarter is 480 lbs) against a possible import requirement of about ten million quarters less.

We may well ask, if the world has more wheat than it needs, why Germany should be adding potato meal to her bread, and the answer is that Germany has not exporting power enough to buy all that she needs to buy, the reason being largely her own excessive spending on armaments. She prefers Guns to Bread.

The Ploughgirl

*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughgirl age six homeward plods her way.*

Sturdy Jean Metcalfe, Hill House, Little Langton, near Northallerton, is only six, but she can handle a plough and horses as well as most ploughmen.

Indeed she can beat some, as she showed in a competition with ploughmen the other day.

OUR SHIPYARDS ARE CATCHING UP

Leading the World

Lloyd's report that at the end of last year merchant ships on the stocks in British yards showed a slight decrease (59,000 tons) compared with the end of September, but an increase of 162,000 tons compared with December 1936.

Still British yards lead the world, with 1,125,000 tons building against 1,775,000 building in all the yards of all the other countries. This is probably the most remarkable fact in world economics. Our shipyards are catching up the yards of all the world.

Big ships rule the seas nowadays. No less than 106 ships of over 8000 tons each are building. Five of these are between 20,000 and 30,000 tons, four are over 30,000, one is over 40,000.

Nearly all these big merchant ships are motor ships running on oil; of the 106 building only 20 are steam-ships.

WHAT THINGS COST

The Rise Over Pre-War

There is much talk of things costing more.

There has been a small increase in the price of many things in the last few years, and the rise over pre-war levels is considerable, taken as a whole.

For every £1 spent on food, rent, clothing, fuel, light, and so on, in July 1914, the month before the war broke out, a workman's family has now to spend about £1 6s to buy the same things. This means that a workman has to earn £2 12s now to be able to buy what a wage of £2 bought in July 1914.

The Tasmanian Government is providing scholarships for schoolboys to be trained as flying and gliding pilots.

THE GREAT RENT IN THE SUN

Its Reappearance Probable

By the CN Astronomer

The enormous rent in the Sun which was lately observed and even visible to the naked eye, has since disappeared round the upper right-hand side of his disc.

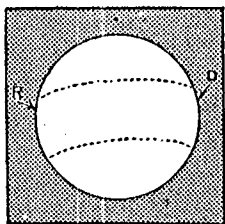
It may, however, reappear and be again visible after passing round the other side of the Sun; if so it should now be coming into view round the left side of the Sun's face. The observer should be properly equipped with a darkly-tinted glass, when this rent may be seen as a dark spot.

The path which these terrific solar cyclones, popularly known as sun spots, take across the Sun's disc at this time of year is shown on the drawing.

The Storm Zone

The belt between the dotted lines shows the storm zone; anywhere between these lines, which extend to about 30 degrees north and south of the Sun's equator, these vast storms may break out, though they are far less likely near the equator itself and not frequent near the upper or lower limit. As on the Earth it is in what might be called the tropical regions of the Sun, some way north and south of the equator, where they usually attain their greatest dimensions. This last solar outburst extended over an area of some 3500 million square miles of the Sun's surface, that is, nearly 70 times greater than the entire surface of the Earth. It occurred in these north "tropical" latitudes of the Sun, and it travelled bodily as terrestrial tornadoes travel through the Sun's atmosphere of fire.

Now, while terrestrial storms travel bodily at anything from 15 to 30 miles an hour, with the cool air whirling round and upwards at from 70 to 150 miles an hour within the cyclonic area, those on the Sun consist of cyclonic storms of fire travelling bodily with speeds often reaching to 2250 miles an hour. The vast and whirling currents form a maze of whirlpools, some with an upward and some with a downward motion, but the whole generally whirling spirally upwards at speeds increasing from a thousand miles an hour to a hundred times faster in the upper and more tenuous regions of the solar atmosphere.



The Solar Storms Belt as seen from the Earth in February. The great Sun Spot disappeared at D and may reappear at R.

In addition to these, which are known as *proper* motions, there is the motion due to the general rotation of the Sun which, on an average, takes nearly 26 days in the storm zone, and increases to a much longer period in the higher and more quiescent latitudes. Therefore the colossal outburst which vanished two weeks ago round the western edge should now be well in evidence coming round the eastern side of the Sun, that is, assuming it has not expended its energy and that the depression has not filled up, as a meteorologist would say of a vanishing storm centre on the Earth.

The Aurora Borealis

About one in six will last long enough thus to reappear round the left edge of the Sun, but as this was so vast and intense a disturbance it is likely to persist; indeed, they have sometimes been known to last for months through three or four revolutions of the Sun.

Therefore we may again experience much radio and magnetic disturbance; even the Aurora Borealis may be seen again as in the last week of January.

G. F. M.

COATS

Cloaks were worn before overcoats, and many stories of them have come down to us.

Red Riding Hood wore a red cloak, and we never think of Sir Walter Raleigh without picturing him as the gallant courtier who, it was said, took off his richly-embroidered cloak and laid it at the feet of Queen Elizabeth so that she might step dry-shod over a puddle.

In France there are few names more honoured than that of St Martin, who is shown in art in the act of dividing his cloak to give half of it to a beggar.

Fashions in coats are always changing. The Norman cloak clasped under the chin with a gold brooch gave place to the more elaborate cloak of Richard the Second's day, its long sleeves often lined with ermine. Short coats with broad collars were in fashion at Henry the Eighth's Court, and after growing still shorter in Elizabethan times they were extended to knee-length in the 19th century.

Goldsmith's Gay Attire

Outside St Clement Danes we may see a quaint statue of Dr Johnson in his untidy and ill-fitting coat. He is looking down Fleet Street; and he may remind us, by way of contrast, of Oliver Goldsmith (who lies close by) and his love of fine clothes, especially coats which made people stand and stare.

Who does not know the story of the tailor who cut his coat to suit everyone? Some said it should be short and some that it should reach to the knees. He was told to make the sleeves wide, though others advised him to make them almost skin-tight. Some said it should have a high collar, others that there should be no collar at all; and as the foolish fellow took everyone's advice and tried to please all, he made a coat which pleased no one.

Wind and Sun

Older still is the story of the wind and the sun, and how they had a quarrel as to which was the stronger of the two. "Whichever of us can strip that man's coat off his back (said the wind noisily) shall receive the homage of the other."

The sun agreed. So the wind blew as hard as he could, determined to tear off the man's coat; but the harder he blew the more the man buttoned up his coat and hugged it about him.

Then the sun tried. He beamed gently at first, and the man turned down his collar. He beamed a little more and the man unfastened his coat. He went on beaming, and at last the man said, "I cannot bear this any longer," and off came his coat.

Boys on the Mountain

We read of many coats in the Bible. There was Joseph's coat of many colours; there was the embroidered coat made for Aaron, and there were the little coats which Samuel's mother made so lovingly and took up to the temple every year, every coat bigger than the one she had made before. In the book of Daniel we read that when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego came out of the burning fiery furnace their coats were unchanged.

Some of us will never forget the story of little Desmond Pritchard whose heroism was told in the CN. He was eleven, and his little friend Ivor Morgan a year younger. The two boys were lost on the mountains above their home at Treherbert, and when Desmond saw his friend shivering with cold he took off his own coat and wrapped it round the younger boy.

JUBILEE OF THE POLY TOURS

Work of a Lord Mayor and a Lord Chancellor

TRAVEL IS MARCHING ON

There are few homes into which some kind of leaflet or booklet dealing with holiday travel does not find its way today, giving to many a thrill which no lesson in geography has ever provided.

Even the railway leaflet announcing an evening trip to the seaside to see illuminations affords an opportunity for a few hours' pleasure, and eager hours of anticipation such as our grandparents never knew.

At the other end of the scale are those elaborate books filled with pictures and often written by famous authors which are broadcast early in the spring by the principal travel agencies.

One of these richly-stored books has a special interest this year, for it marks the Jubilee of the conducted tour for young people. It was in 1888 that 60 schoolboys accompanied by a master and a doctor started from the Polytechnic in Regent Street to tour in Belgium and Switzerland and to visit the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War.

A Remarkable Institution

The idea originated in the fertile brain of Mr Quintin Hogg, who was spending his time and fortune in building up one of the most remarkable institutions in London. His secretary was a young man named Kynaston Studd, and so successful was the tour that others followed.

The most famous of these early tours was to the Chicago Exhibition of 1893, when the 1250 Polytechnic visitors were conducted by one man (Sir Kynaston Studd) who was to become Lord Mayor of London, and another who was to become Lord Chancellor of England, Mr Douglas Hogg, now Lord Hailsham.

The enthusiastic secretary succeeded the enthusiastic founder as president when Quintin Hogg passed on in 1903, and he is looking forward to a double celebration in the famous "Poly Holiday Camp" on Lake Lucerne this summer, the 50th year of the Touring Association and his own 80th birthday.

Since he left HMS Hood in 1924 Commander Ronald Studd, DSO (his son), has been directing this valuable organisation, and he declares foreign travel is making amazing strides. Last year his association alone took twice as many travellers as in any previous year.

We hope he will not be disappointed, for, while we think it foolish (and most certainly wrong) to regard foreign lands as more attractive than our own, every young man and woman should see something of other lands and other peoples.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of February 1913

A Prime Minister's Memory. When King Edward was crowned, among the many distinguished men who came to London to see the crowning was Mr Deakin, at that time Prime Minister of Australia. The King was crowned amid scenes of unparalleled splendour, and the "captains and the kings" departed, taking with them glittering memories of the gorgeous ceremony.

An English Minister, visiting Australia, has been asking Mr Deakin what most impressed him during his visit to England, and here is Mr Deakin's answer:

"One night I had been to a great reception. It was midnight. I was making my way home, and I turned aside into a dark and narrow alley. There, on a doorstep, I saw a little lad, aged about twelve, with his arm round a little girl of three. The lad had taken off his coat and wrapped it round the child, and with his cap he had covered her feet. Of all that I saw during my visit to London that picture will ever be strongest in my memory."

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A simple way to keep your hair
as you've arranged it—without
using any sticky dressing.

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THE CLEVER ZIPP

A Fortune From a Fastener

An American millionaire, Colonel Lewis Walker, has just left behind him the millions he made from the zipp fastener.

He did not invent it. It was an Englishman who first hit on the ingenious idea, and he made so little out of it that his very name is forgotten. But this hookless fastener was on show at the World's Fair in Chicago 45 years ago, and nobody thought enough of it to venture money for marketing it. Certainly the inventor could not find either a capitalist or capital.

For twenty years the idea languished in obscurity, and then Colonel Walker, who had seen it at Chicago, started a tiny factory to make it. The factory began with 20 hands.

The manufacture of the zipp today employs thousands of hands in the United States alone. It would not be too much to say that it is now being made all over the world, and is put to so many uses, and attached to so many garments, that the hook-and-eye is already a thing of the past, and buttons are going the same way.

The Triumph of Simplicity

Like many inventions which have made fortunes, the zipp is simple in idea.

Rows of tiny pieces of metal, like teeth, are fixed on each side of the opening to be closed, each separated by its own width. Each faces a gap between corresponding teeth on the other side; and every tooth has a knob on one side and a cup on the other.

A slider fits over all, and when it is pulled in one direction over the opposed rows of teeth it draws them together so that each knob fits in the cup of its opposite number, and the opening is closed. When the slider is pulled in the opposite direction it unlinks the linked teeth in turn.

One drawback has long persisted in the metallic zipp, and has not yet been entirely banished. The teeth may become entangled among their knobs and cups, and hard pulling only makes the confusion more confounded.

Two years ago Imperial Chemicals put on the market a tough material, more supple than metal and lighter, which could be moulded like a metal. It has worked very well as a zipp for light garments, but is not yet equal to the task of dealing with heavier material.

In this new age of plastics some inventor will certainly come along with a material which will rival the metal zipp; but before his fortune is made, the zipp may itself have gone out of fashion.

The Sad State of Steel in America

The abysmal fall in American steel production which marked the closing months of 1937 has not yet shown any great recovery, but the figures are better.

For every 100 tons of steel capacity only 52 were produced at the end of last October, and by the end of November output had fallen to only 30 per cent. In the last week of 1937 the figure was only 19 per cent. Since there has been a little recovery, to about 30 per cent. This is better, but still exceedingly bad.

The argument about American poverty continues. The President blames the big capitalists, the big capitalists blame the President, and meanwhile the number of the unemployed has been rising.

It is all very sad; disgraceful in our scientific age, in what is naturally the richest land in the world.

A tin of food was the price of admission to a cinema show in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the other day, the idea being to collect food for poor children. Over 2000 tins were collected.

HOW TO LEARN GEOGRAPHY

Dulwich Shows the Way

The burghers of Camberwell (and this includes Dulwich and Peckham) turned up in their hundreds last week to see what 250 of their boys and girls had done for the borough.

The L C C Central School has for the past two years had a Geographical Society of which the president is Mr Leonard Brooks, who in the early days of the C N helped to create its World Map. This society is very much alive, and realises that Camberwell in the County of London is not the only place on the map, though its members have placed it more effectively on the map than ever by means of maps and models displayed in last week's exhibition at the South London Art Gallery.

The members, aided by their secretary and founder (Mr J. Dempster), have established contact with those other Camberwells, Peckhams, and Dulwichs which have sprung up in the Empire, and when Lord Sandon opened the exhibition he was supported by the daughter of the Mayor of the City of Camberwell in Victoria and a local councillor who had been educated in that city.

In the gallery, too, were exhibits from the Dulwich in Saskatchewan and the Dulwich at Adelaide in South Australia, while the Kent village of East Peckham sent contributions.

The society has, of course, adopted a ship, but it has also adopted a farm, whose owner month by month sends a map showing the work done. Children visit this farm just as they visit factories and public buildings near their homes.

The C N sends its congratulations to the society and its president, and hopes that in the near future every school in the Empire will have a geographical society on these most admirable lines.

A Mill for the Guides

The Girl Guides have given Coleshill Mill in Bucks a new title to a place in the Island Story.

They have bought it as a local headquarters, and while they have it in their care it will remain an enduring monument to one of the most influential movements among the young people of the Twentieth Century. It is a fine old brick mill, with revolving cap, and our picture shows the assiduous attention they bestow on it. They have entirely removed the danger that anyone would pull it down or that it should be allowed to fall down.

Before they took possession of it, another distinction belonged to Coleshill which it adorns. John Milton dwelt for a time not far away, at Chalfont St Giles, and while there he gave the manuscript of Paradise Lost to his friend Ellwood to take home and read at Coleshill, a mile or two away. Paradise Lost thus made its first public appeal to a reader within a few yards of where the Guides have their own paradise for work and play.

Picture on page 3

Pleasure and Profit

An enterprising young Epsom reader of the C N has collected £8 for the R S P C A during his school holidays.

Since he was six he has been carving farm buildings, fences, and other objects and fitting them together as a model village on a table 15 feet by five. A year or two ago he decided to charge sixpence admission, with the result that the charity which has done so much for the animals in farm and field has benefited from his enthusiasm, and will, we hope, continue to benefit. The model will again be on view during the Easter holidays.

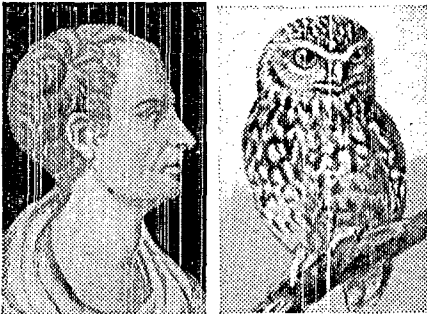
We congratulate Master Hampton, who has not yet reached his teens, on the excellent use he has made of his clever fingers in his spare time.

ARISTOTLE WAS RIGHT

The Wise Man and the Little Owl

The Little Owl, as he is commonly called, came to us from foreign parts, and, liking us well, took up a permanent abode and multiplied exceedingly, spreading from county to county.

He is not unbeautiful for an owl, being only nine inches long and of brown and white plumage. Above he is brown spotted with white, and below he is



Aristotle

Little Owl

white striped with brown. He loves to sun himself by day and becomes familiar for that reason.

For many years and in many books he has been accused of eating little birds and eggs, and of the particular crime of making a meal of our native songsters. The Home Office, believing this, condemned him in 1936 to be killed off for the good of men and other birds.

Now he has found a champion in a very painstaking lady. Miss Hibbert-Ware, after a long study for the British Trust for Ornithology, reports that:

The Little Owl does *not* kill little birds or game or poultry.

The Little Owl *does*, most obligingly, kill and eat insects, rats, mice, rabbits, and voles. Also he has a special liking for those enemies of the gardener known as leather-jackets.

The most amusing part of the report is that the lady's verdict is stated to coincide closely with that recorded 2300 years ago by Aristotle! He was one of the wisest men who ever lived, and he was right about the Little Owl.

35 Yorkshire Maids

Even as far back as the middle of last century people were troubled by the servant problem, especially Matthew Turner, who died in 1856.

The story goes that because of his bad temper he could never get a servant to stay more than a month or two. He was always looking out for a new Olive or a new Ellen; and, though all this gives us an unpleasant picture of him, there must have been something very kindly hidden away out of sight, for when Mr Turner died he founded by his will a trust to reward servants for long and faithful service.

The annual awards of this trust have again been made, 35 maids within eight miles of Beverley in Yorkshire receiving sums of money. One of the servants was Miss Elizabeth Wright, who has been in one situation for over 30 years.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 44 the two best paintings were sent by Joan Kay, The Nook, Carsdale Road, Liverpool, and Eileen Truran, 5, Barncoose Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Catherine Brown, Hkley; Pamela Cheesman, Tolworth; Patrick Dalton, Fossoway, Kinross-shire; Raymond Everett, Longfield; Gordon Field, Birmingham; Florence M. M. Guy, Edinburgh; Kathleen Johnson, Hull; Joyce M. Laycock, Keighley; Gladys Morris, London, S.W.2; Joyce Nunn, Enfield; Eileen Parry, Perthcawl; Nancy Thorpe, Withernsea.

BRIGHTER BRITAIN

Houses, Roads, Blackboards

Liverpool has now a Radiant House, appropriately built by the Gas Company.

Its front is of golden quartzite with a striping of Swedish marble, and the effect is one of shining gold and emerald. It is a most attractive sight, which suggests that surfaces of bright and polished materials might well replace the stone and brick which, however clean and wholesome to begin with, soon become dark and gloomy.

Many materials offer themselves for the purpose. Off Regent Street there is a building as polished and shiny as when it was fronted with glass and some black reflecting building material. Even murky Fleet Street can display a building, chiefly glass, but always bright.

This new Age of Plastics, which employs synthesised resins (it might be more simply called artificial gums) for an endless number of purposes from lenses to door knobs, offers plenty of the right material. At the National Physical Laboratory they use plastic materials, which never get dirty, in their electrical equipment. One kind is strong enough to support several tons of metal. We shall have plastic house fronts some day—the sooner the better.

After coloured buildings coloured roads may follow. If they do not brighten the travels of the motorist, they may inform him of the way he should go; and they would be a relief from the uniform black or concrete surfaces which are now our portion whether we are motorists or walkers.

Last of all, the blackboard is to go. It has been found by experiment that children can copy what is written on a yellow board ten per cent better than when it appears on the gloomy black.

The yellow board arrests their attention and saves their eyes.

Stop Press. To liven up tea parties, pink, green, and mauve loaves for sandwiches are now being baked.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

We shall be able to pay flying visits to Holland and Madagascar with broadcasters next week. On Thursday Mr McDermott will tell us what Holland looks like from the air; and on Friday Mr Chirgwin will tell us how different Madagascar is from the African mainland, especially as regards wild animals, for almost the only wild animal on the island is the lemur.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Fruit Trees and Bushes: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Senior Music—Dorian Mode: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Bats: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Words that Change Their Shape: by J. W. Marriott. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Viola: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Viking Voyages: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Parasites: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Holland—Keeping Out the Sea: by F. McDermott. 2.5 Our Village: Farm and Farmhouse. 2.30 British History (Music and Poetry): by J. Elise Gordon.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Madagascar—Home of the Lemur: by A. M. Chirgwin. 2.30 When the Cows Come Home: the Story of Milk. 2.55 An Irish Story. 3.15 Next Week's music.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (t and sh, d and zh): by Anne H. McAllister. TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Working to Time): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Herring Season: by George Hall. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Traces of the Past: by R. C. Garry. 3.0 Studio Concert (Harp and Celeste): Arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Intervals: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Growth of Plants: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Neeps and Nowt: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Heart of Norway: by Nancy Jameson. 2.55 As National.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a 'screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a pure, fruit laxative that starts a natural movement which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste-matter from the system without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours, after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the system, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which 'California Syrup of Figs' gives is positive but gentle, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is *safe* for children. It is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

BREATHE VAPEX VAPOUR & AVOID COLDS

A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night kills the germs, relieves stuffiness, prevents the spread of infection. 21 years world-wide success proves the value of Vapex.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Children! 150 BIG PRIZES AND 1,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES



Copy & colour ROBERTSON'S GOLLIWOG

ALL THE GOODNESS OF FRESH ORANGES—AND MORE OF THEM—IS CONCENTRATED IN 'GOLDEN SHRED'

Ever so many people, children and "grown-ups," too, prefer Robertson's "Golden Shred." They like its full fruit flavour, because Robertson's remove all the indigestible bulk—the pith and fibre—and use only the goodness of the orange and pure sugar. This means more oranges to every jar, and extra goodness and flavour for you! Ask Mother to buy a jar and give you the wrapper to enter the Competition.

Winners will have the choice of:

Tricycles, Cameras, Dolls' Houses, Aeroplanes, Tennis rackets, Toy motor cars, Dolls' prams, Tool cabinets, Writing desks, Dolls' cott, Conjurors' outfits, Firework sets, Dolls' Model railways, Fitted work-baskets, Yachts, Footballs, Red Indian suits, Meccano sets, Teddy bears, Cricket bats.

★ The names of the 150 big prizewinners to be published, *Daily Sketch*, April 30.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

1 Copy or trace the picture of Robertson's Golliwog and colour him with crayon or water colour.

2 Send the form below with your entry and two wrappers, one from Robertson's 'Golden Shred,' the other from Robertson's 'Bramble Seedless.'

3 You can send in as many attempts as you like but each one must be accompanied by two wrappers.

4 Age will be taken into consideration when judging entries—closing date, March 31, 1938.

5 The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

Send this with your drawing:

TO ROBERTSON'S COMPETITION DEPT. (T3), 356/364 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

I am attaching my Competition entry and two wrappers from Robertson's jars.

My name is.....

My age is.....

My address is.....

ROBERTSON'S 'Golden Shred' Orange Marmalade

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Ninth Envelope

CHAPTER 1

Bright Youth Wanted

SIR RICHARD WAKELING had been speaking in guarded tones. Now, after a pause to eye his companion inquiringly, he said, "So, then, David, I hope you quite understand that in this case I am proceeding upon conjecture. But my experience as Head of the Secret Service has shown me that even a surmise should not be neglected. Off you go now."

David went on his way in high spirits. He was making good, he believed, in the Secret Service. He liked the work; he liked its spice of dangerous adventure. But, above all, he was proud of serving his country, as so many of his family had served it before him.

Approaching his destination, a new block of flats, he scanned for the last time a scrap of paper Sir Richard had given him. It was a newspaper advertisement:

WANTED, bright youth of good education to read to an old gentleman four hours daily. Apply F. Goodman, 163a Bonivard Mansions, W.1.

Very good, here he was on the steps of Bonivard Mansions, and somewhere (high up, it sounded) in these towering buildings was the old gentleman who wanted a bright youth to read to him. He hoped he'd prove bright enough—in more ways than one!

The lift passed floor after floor before its attendant stopped at a small landing with one door on the right and one on the left.

There were only two flats up here, then. Nice and quiet, thought David, who before proceeding took a look at both doors. On the one he was seeking he saw no signs of a name-plate. The other which faced it, 163b, was tenanted, he perceived, by a Mr Felix Tournier.

Well, he didn't want Felix Tournier, he wanted F. Goodman, so he stepped back and pressed the bell of 163a. However, he had to ring three times before the door was opened by a man with a grave, fallow face, who took a long look at him, then demanded his business, and, when David had stated it, told him to wait for a minute while he ascertained whether Mr Goodman could see him.

The fellow was gone for some minutes. When he returned he beckoned to David, and, bidding him to tread softly, took him down a short passage to a large room so dimly lighted that at first he thought it was empty and stood waiting for his companion to draw back the curtains.

But next he heard the fellow's voice at his ear. "Mr Goodman, the young gentleman," it announced. Then another voice came from the shadows, a thin, querulous voice which uttered "Come in, lad!" And David made out a bent figure in an armchair.

"You may bring me my spectacles, Parker," the thin voice said next. "Then light the reading-lamp and set it down by the lad."

A rum set out, thought David, holding his peace till the manservant had complied with his master's requirements. Then he saw that the old gentleman was wearing a dressing-gown, that his hair was white as silver above sunken cheeks, and that the hand with which he had taken the spectacles was shaking.

The soft-footed servant slipped out. "I am a sad invalid, my lad: a very sad invalid," Mr Goodman continued, while David stood straight and alert. "There are two things I cannot abide: a noise and a bright light. My eyesight fails. So I have to employ other eyes."

"Yes, I understand, sir," David responded.

"Well, now, Your name, please?"

"It's David, sir. David Renwick."

"Where were you educated?"

"At a private school, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Ah! A nice age. And can you read aloud very clearly but quietly?"

"I think so, sir."

"Well, there's a book on the table beside you. Sit down and open it and read till I tell you to stop." Thus saying, the invalid leaned forward in his chair, with his hands supported on the crook of a stick, and his eyes behind their heavy glasses on David.

"Read slowly, clearly, and quietly." The book was a work on ancient Egypt, dry and abstruse, but, by taking it steadily, David managed quite well, with nothing worse than an occasional stumble over some long defunct Pharaoh's name.

"Yes, I think you will do, Renwick. So now I can explain to you further. I am engaged on a book of my own which was well under way when I was overtaken by this affliction of failing eyesight. I can see to make notes, but I can no longer read much printed matter, so you shall be my eyes and read out to me, while I memorise and make a note now and then. Between us we shall get on famously, eh?"

CHAPTER 2

The Flat Opposite

ANY stranger coming upon David and his employer at work must have deemed it a strange sight.

There at the big table sat David, a reading-lamp beside him, his book propped in front of him. And beyond the radius of the green-shaded lamp, at the farther end of the dim room, sat his employer, huddled up in his chair with his head on one side, hand to ear, bending every now and then to jot down a note on a writing-pad.

The unopened windows were covered with muslin curtains which, complaining that the strong light made his eyes smart, the old gentleman could rarely endure to have drawn. And when occasionally he removed his dark spectacles to wipe them with a silk handkerchief, he would close his eyes, having first told David to pause.

At other times, when Parker brought in his morning cup of warm milk, he would break off while he was sipping it to chat.

The work he was engaged upon, he repeated, would make his name live long after he'd gone. What Gibbon had done for the Roman Empire, he said, that he was doing for the dynasties of ancient Egypt. "If my health is spared me, or what remains of it," he would sigh.

David said: "And do you actually remember all that I read, sir?"

"I do, indeed. All my life I have trained my memory. I advise you to do the same. There is nothing more valuable than a memory which registers automatically."

David marvelled. "Yet you do have to take notes!" he uttered.

"I take notes, yes. For amplification, dear boy. And presently I shall put these up for my printer."

"So your work is being printed already, sir!" David exclaimed.

The dulled eyes behind the thick spectacles dwelt on his face. The hunched

figure stirred. "Yes, already," the thin voice responded, "my work is going bit by bit to the press. For life is short. I must get it in print ere my strength fails. And also let me confide in you: I need the money. I am a poor man. I have sacrificed all to my life's work. So my printer, who will also publish the book, will remit to me as I furnish him with each part. I have nearly finished Part I." Then a quivering hand set down the cup. "Come! Back to our labours!"

Then off started David again. But presently, glancing up on a sudden, he surprised those guarded eyes still searching his face and received the impression that the old gentleman had not been listening.

It was on the fifth day that as soon as he put in his appearance his employer gave him an envelope for the printers.

"There you are, my dear lad! My notes up to date," he said cheerfully. "Do you know East Commercial Street? If not, you'll soon find it. Halfway down you'll see my printers, Vibond and Co. Go there and ask for Mr Vibond, and give him this envelope: see, it's marked Number Three."

"Do I tell him what to do, sir?"

"Vibond knows, my dear lad. He will set the manuscript up in type. Then I amplify. Be off now. And mind you bring me his receipt."

"A receipt, sir?"

"Yes, of course. My manuscript's valuable, very valuable."

So David went off with the envelope in his pocket, rather wondering how the men at Vibond's machines could decipher and set up his employer's crabbed writing. He found East Commercial Street, though it took him some time; it was more than an hour, at least, before his return. When he went into the darkened room Mr Goodman seemed fretful.

"Did you see Mr Vibond himself?"

"Yes, and here's his receipt, sir," said David, producing the document.

"You explained to Mr Vibond that you were my secretary?"

"Your amanuensis, I said, sir," David rejoined.

"My amanuensis! That's good!" The old gentleman chuckled, then smiled queerly, like one who is smiling to himself.

It was on the following morning that, arriving before his time, David glimpsed the back of a straight-standing, raven-haired man who was letting himself into the other flat on the landing. When he himself had rung and been admitted by Parker he mentioned this to the latter, with the remark that he'd never seen anyone entering that flat before.

A SHOCK FOR TWO

JACKO had been to the circus and was tremendously impressed by the trapeze act. He had gone on talking till the family were tired of hearing about it.

On Saturday morning Mother Jacko was bustling about in the kitchen, and Jacko was hindering her all the time by swinging on the door handles and

He dashed up to the swing, and in a twinkling was soaring merrily upwards. He was enjoying himself!

There was only a low fence dividing the Jackos' house from next door, and he could see Miss Ape busily hanging out her washing! She had a huge laundry basket on the grass from which she was taking the articles of clothing.



He shot right into the basket!

reaching up to the ledge on the scullery door to see if he could dangle from it by one hand.

"Do go and amuse yourself in the garden," she cried at last. "I shall never have dinner ready."

Jacko played aimlessly with his cricket ball for a little while, and then he sighted baby's swing. It was hanging from an apple-tree—quite near the ground and easy to get on to. Cool! Why hadn't he thought of it before?

Higher and higher went Jacko, whistling loudly.

He shifted his position slightly, and very cautiously raised one leg in the air in imitation of the trapeze artist at the circus.

He felt very proud. He'd show Miss Ape how clever he was! He was just going to call to her when his hands slipped from the rope, and before he could stop himself he had shot over the fence right into her basket of washing!

"Or coming out of it either," he added. "It belongs to a Mr Tournier, doesn't it, Parker?"

Parker nodded, and drew David quickly inside. But he halted him on the other side of the door.

"Mr Tournier is a foreign gent, sir," he replied, "who spends most of his time at Monte Carlo and such places. I can't say I holds with foreigners much myself."

David laughed at this. "Oh, you don't like foreigners," he said. "So Mr Tournier darts back now and then, does he?"

"Just occasionally. He'll be here for a day and then off again. A bird of passage, I call him. Well, I can't take you in to the master for a while, sir, for I'm sorry to say he's had a very bad night. So he isn't out of his bed yet."

"Then perhaps he'd rather not work this morning?"

"I'll ascertain, sir. Will you wait here while I'm gone, sir?" So Parker went, leaving David standing in the passage, to return in four or five minutes shaking his head. "The master's compliments, sir, and he'll be much obliged if you'll return tomorrow. He can't work today."

Parker opened the door, crossed the landing, rang for the lift, and stood watching till it had carried David away. Then his grave face relaxed, and he smiled the same secretive smile as his master had smiled when he termed David his amanuensis.

Though another batch of notes was soon ready for the printers, Mr Goodman began to manifest signs of impatience. He would snap at David testily now and then, to apologise later on in his tremulous accents. "When you are as old as I am, my dear lad—" he would utter, and there break off to sigh heavily with exhaustion.

And thus they worked on, while David's pile of books mounted and the soft-footed Parker passed in and out like a shadow.

It was toward the end of his second week in this strange job that David, who had begun to wonder how long it would last, had a rather unexpected encounter with Parker. He had taken another envelope to the printers and was returning with the receipt when he thought that he'd walk up the stairs instead of using the noisy lift.

So up the stairs he climbed, in no hurry at all, going quietly and pausing now and again to reflect that the higher you went the smaller the landings became, and how much more ornamental the doors lower down were than those of the flats at the top. Then, as he walked up and up and met no one descending, he was more than ever struck by the quietness all around him. Mr Goodman could hardly have found a place where he was likely to be less disturbed—if only the lift hadn't whined and clanked as it did, telling everyone in the building that someone was coming!

Which in certain circumstances, as David grimly reflected, might cause that lift to play its part very usefully! Suppose, for instance, that one were dodging unwelcome visitors. Then the lift gave you notice. You had time to be "not at home," time to shoot the bolt in your door and leave them to ring, and ring, and go on ringing without answer.

But here he was at the top, and had paused to take breath when he noticed the door of Tournier's flat just ajar. He stood still and listened; then, hearing a faint noise inside, he pricked his ears up afresh and listened more keenly.

Yes, somebody was moving inside that flat. But Felix Tournier was away on the Continent, as Parker had informed him only this morning.

So who could it be? A daylight thief? Hardly likely. It was more likely that the janitor with his master-key had slipped inside to see to something or other.

David's curiosity quickened. On tiptoe he stepped to the door, and, pushing it farther open, put his head round. There was nobody in the passage. He went down it quietly, and distinguished that the movements came from the kitchen.

"Now for it!" he muttered. And into the kitchen he marched.

A man was bending over something on the gas-stove. But he jerked his head round as David came in, then, smothering an exclamation of anger, he straightened himself and put his hands on his hips. Thus standing, he demanded, "What do you want, sir?"

It was Parker the manservant, his fallow face grave as ever. Yet David could have vowed that at the first moment the fellow's eyes had flickered with startled unpleasantness. And now did David assume that most juvenile expression wherewith he could always mask himself when he pleased. He said, smiling, "Why, I heard a noise as I passed and I thought someone must have broken in. What's the matter?"

TO BE CONTINUED

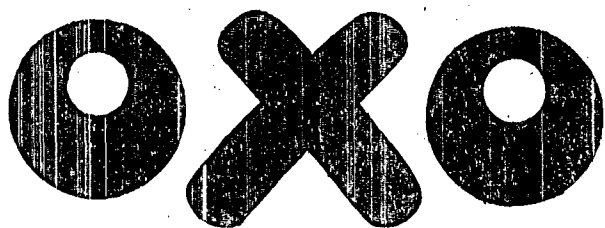
THE "MIGHTY ATOM"



Gravies, stews and all meat dishes, enriched with Oxo, are as tasty and nutritious as the rich goodness of beef can make them.

Oxo encourages appetite and sound digestion, and makes other foods more nutritious by ready assimilation.

ADDS STRENGTH!
ADDS FLAVOUR!



USED BY
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

48-page Photogravure Book Given FREE

This gift book contains over 70 large portraits of film stars, with many interesting facts about every one of them; it is given FREE this week with MODERN BOY.

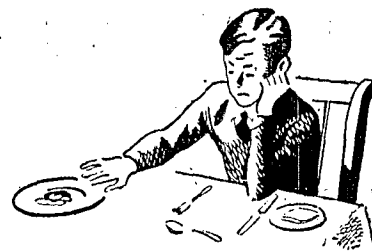
The greatly enlarged NEW MODERN BOY contains its old favourite features and a host of new ones, with 8 grand stories and many exciting articles.



Also, special in this number,
Grand CAMERA and
WRIST WATCH offer!
Don't miss it.

NO. 1
of the New
MODERN BOY
OUT THIS WEEK

On sale Friday, February 11th, at all Newsagents.



Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

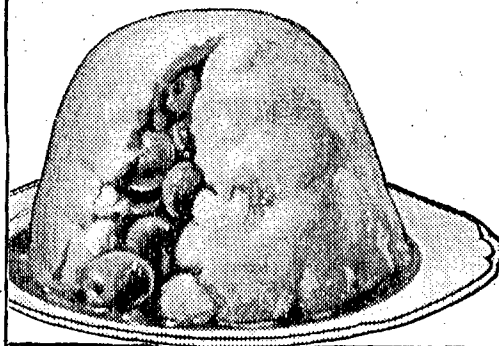


Wise Grandma said: "The way to do it Is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad -
Top of the school
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like - plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day
for a post free copy of 100
best pudding, etc., Recipes,
to HUGON & Co., Ltd.,
Manchester, 11.

N.56a

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 12, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

What Fish is This?

I AM a fish both neat and clever,
And in the crystal streams I
play;
If you my head and shoulders sever
You'll find me out as clear as day.
Answer next week

Irish Pictures

A HUMORIST was once asked
if he had ever been to
Cork. He said he had not,
but he had seen many draw-
ings of it.

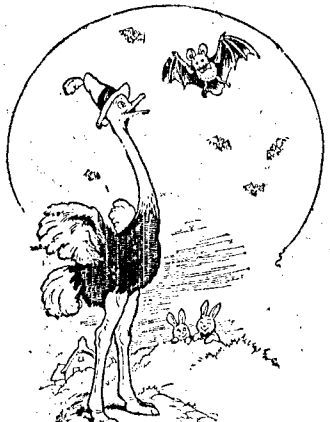
What Happened on Your Birthday

Feb. 13. Massacre of Glencoe 1692
14. Captain Cook killed . . . 1779
15. Lessing, German poet,
died . . . 1781
16. Archbishop John Sharp
born . . . 1645
17. Heinrich Heine, poet,
died . . . 1856
18. Mary Tudor born . . . 1516
19. Copernicus, astronomer,
born . . . 1473

Transposition

I AM in garments and in earth
Where miners have activities.
Transpose my letters—there are
four—
And similar my meaning is.
Transpose again and you will find
A cricketer who "keeps" behind.
Answer next week

Grounded



WHEN animals fly
Up in the sky,
The ostrich murmurs
"Why can't I?"

A Question of Pronunciation

TOM HOOD was once at a
dinner party where there
was a pompous gentleman
named Beach. Hood ad-
dressed him several times as
Mr Beach, but at last the
man said:

"Please don't call me
Beach. I pronounce my name
Be-ak."

A little later on Hood said
in a voice that could be
heard by everyone in the
room:

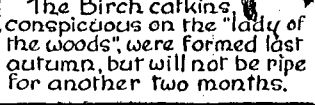
"Oh, Mr Be-ak, would
you be so good as to re-ak
me a po-ak."

In the Countryside Now

Earliest of all birds to nest
is the
Raven,
now
preparing
its home
of sticks
on some
rocky ledge.



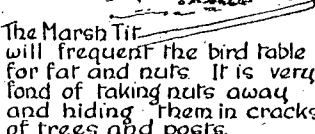
The Birch catkins,
conspicuous on the "lady of
the woods", were formed last
autumn, but will not be ripe
for another two months.



The first leaf
of spring is
that of the
Honeysuckle
or
Woodbine.



The Marsh Tit
will frequent the bird table
for fat and nuts. It is very
fond of taking nuts away
and hiding them in cracks
of trees and posts.



Up the Hill

HERE is a description, in the
style of a cross word puzzle,
of a well-known accident.

Jack and Jill ascended the elevated
ground
To obtain a metal receptacle of
common liquid;
Jack fell down and fractured his
occipital dome,
And Jill came falling subsequently.

The Boy in the Mine

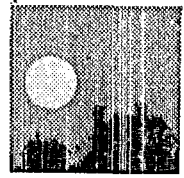
THE underground manager of
a Yorkshire colliery is
said to have found a boy
hacking at the roof of one of
the tunnels.

"Hi!" called out the
manager. "You'll have the
roof falling in if you do that."
"But I can't get the pony
through," said the lad.
"Well, if that's so, dig
some of the ground away,"
the manager replied.

The boy shook his head.
"That's no use, mister," he
said. "It isn't his feet that
won't go under; it's his head."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Saturn
are in the west
and Uranus is
in the south-
west. In the
morning no
planets are
visible. The
picture shows
the moon at
nine o'clock on Monday evening,
February 14.



Lifting a Heavy Object

If you watch a person who
is not used to hard work
attempt to lift a heavy weight
you will notice that he
invariably bends his back,
keeps his legs straight, and

then reaches down and lifts
the object. This puts the
greater part of the strain
upon his back.

The best way to lift a
heavy weight is to keep your
back straight, bend your
knees, grasp the object with
your hands, and push up
with your legs, putting the
hardest work on to your legs,
which can stand a heavier
strain than your back.

Ici on Parle Français



La brouette La mule Le traineau
wheelbarrow mule sledge

Jeannot a transformé la brouette
en traineau, et y a attelé la mule.

Jacko turned a wheelbarrow into
a sledge, and harnessed a mule to it.

£10 10s For C N Readers.

NEXT week the Editor will
offer ten guineas in prizes
for a simple and entertaining
competition, in which there
will be equal chances for all
boys and girls.

Please make sure of your
copy by asking your newsagent
to deliver the C N regularly; and
please tell your friends about
next week's splendid offer.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Mountains. Skiddaw; Etna;
Kenia; Hecla; Cotopaxi; Ararat;
Jungfrau.

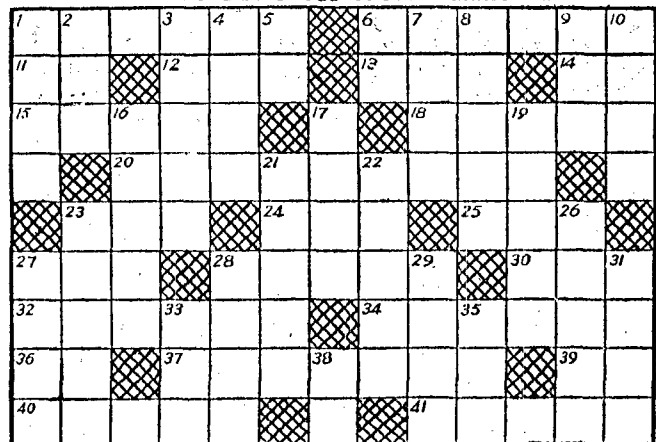
What Plants Are These? Carnation,
Foxglove, Hemlock, Henbane, Pepper-
mint, Sweet brier.

Transposition. Manse, means, manes,
names, mensa.

Reading Across. 1. A high-seas
robber. 6. To pay regard. 11. In-
definite article. 12. To allow. 13. Per-
sonal pronoun. 14. Early English. 15.
To glide over ice. 18. Ancient. 20.
The bell-flowers. 23. A high
pointed rock. 24. To recline. 25. To
eat the evening meal. 27. A cone-
bearing tree. 28. Organs of respiration.
30. A busy insect. 32. The price of
release from captivity. 34. Agitated.
36. Heraldic term for gold. 37. Burden-
some. 39. Road. 40. The angular
upper part of a building. 41. The viola.

Reading Down. 1. A way between
mountains. 2. Used for printing.
3. The holy table. 4. To be stocked
to overflowing. 5. French for and.
6. Expresses equality. 7. Old form of
you. 8. Enumerates. 9. Born. 10. A
dell. 16. Fruit of the oak. 17. Gladly.
19. Smears. 21. A conspicuous feather
of a bird. 22. A member of the black
race. 23. A head ornament. 26.
Nobles. 27. A familiar amphibian.
28. Solitary. 29. A kind of broth.
31. A whirlpool. 33. The sun. 35.
United States of America. 38. With
reference to.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week.

Five-Minute Story

I Spy!

THERE were plenty of other
trees besides the firs at
Tirtree Farm, one huge oak
among many others having
such wonderful, low-spreading
branches that the Norton
children had persuaded their
father to build them a tree
house, which was reached by
a short iron ladder clamped
firmly to the ground beneath.

In this jolly house the
children were as high as the
garden wall and could look
right out over a big meadow
to the sea about a quarter of
a mile away, so they kept a
telescope up in their play-
house, through which to spy
when they played at strong-
holds and suchlike games.

One day they were pre-
tending to be a merchant
ship, liable to be chased at
any time by pirates, and
Gerald, who was looking
through the telescope, sud-
denly called out: "I say!"

The others paused in what
they were doing and stared,
knowing that his shout was
not part of the game.

"Quickly! Squint and
tell me what you can see!"
he cried urgently, and after
each of the others had taken
a look, there was quite a
burst of exclamation, after
which Gerald said:

"You three stay and keep
watching while I bolt." Then
down the ladder and off to
the house he tore as hard as
he could go.

A few minutes later the
younger Nortons, full of ex-
citement, were taking turn
and turn about in watching
through the telescope their
father's car, with him and
Gerald inside it, dashing along
a lane that led to the sands.

"Oh! I hope they'll be in
time!" wailed Jane anxiously.
"You go on looking,
boys; I'll run and see if I
can help Mother in any way."

So Jane was the next racer
to the house, there to find
her mother warming blankets
and hunting out dry clothes
of every sort and size.

"You stand by to tele-
phone to Doctor if I call out
Phone. You know his num-
ber," Jane was bidden on
offering help; and she felt
quite proud of being trusted
with a job.

A few more minutes passed,
then the other two boys
came shouting joyfully into
the house.

"They've got them!
They're coming, Mums!"

Soon after that the car
drew up with its burden—
a brother and sister who had
been caught on a sandbank
by the tide and who were
slowly being submerged by
it when Gerald had caught,
through the telescope, a
glimpse of their waving arms.

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new
dentifrices claiming to make their teeth
white overnight will be interested in the
discovery of what actually does whiten
teeth—surely and safely.

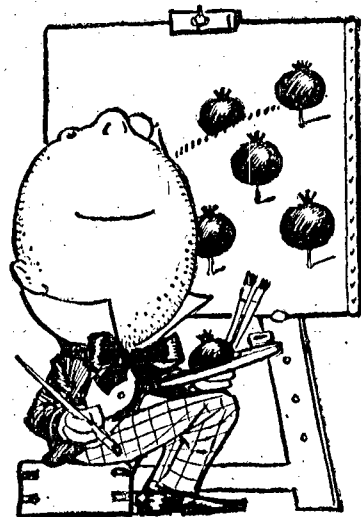
A certain brand of magnesia will do this,
and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk
of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth
enamel. The new type of toothpaste,
called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains
75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from
the time you begin to use this on your
teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You
won't have to imagine the improvement.
Your mirror will show it plainly. Your
friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia'
causes a certain chemistry in the mouth,
and the duldest teeth brighten and whiten
under it.

But that is not the main reason the
dental profession is urging the use of this
dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most
effective neutralizer of destructive mouth
acids yet discovered. Tartar does not
even form in the mouth that is kept
alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental
Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and
the gumline safe from decay. And, as we
have said, the teeth as white as if they had
been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just
claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk
of Magnesia' that removes the stains and
actually whitens the worst discoloured
teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia'
referred to by the writer of this article
constitute the trade mark distinguishing
Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as
originally prepared by The Charles H.
Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the
dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips'
Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6
the tube of all chemists and stores.



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